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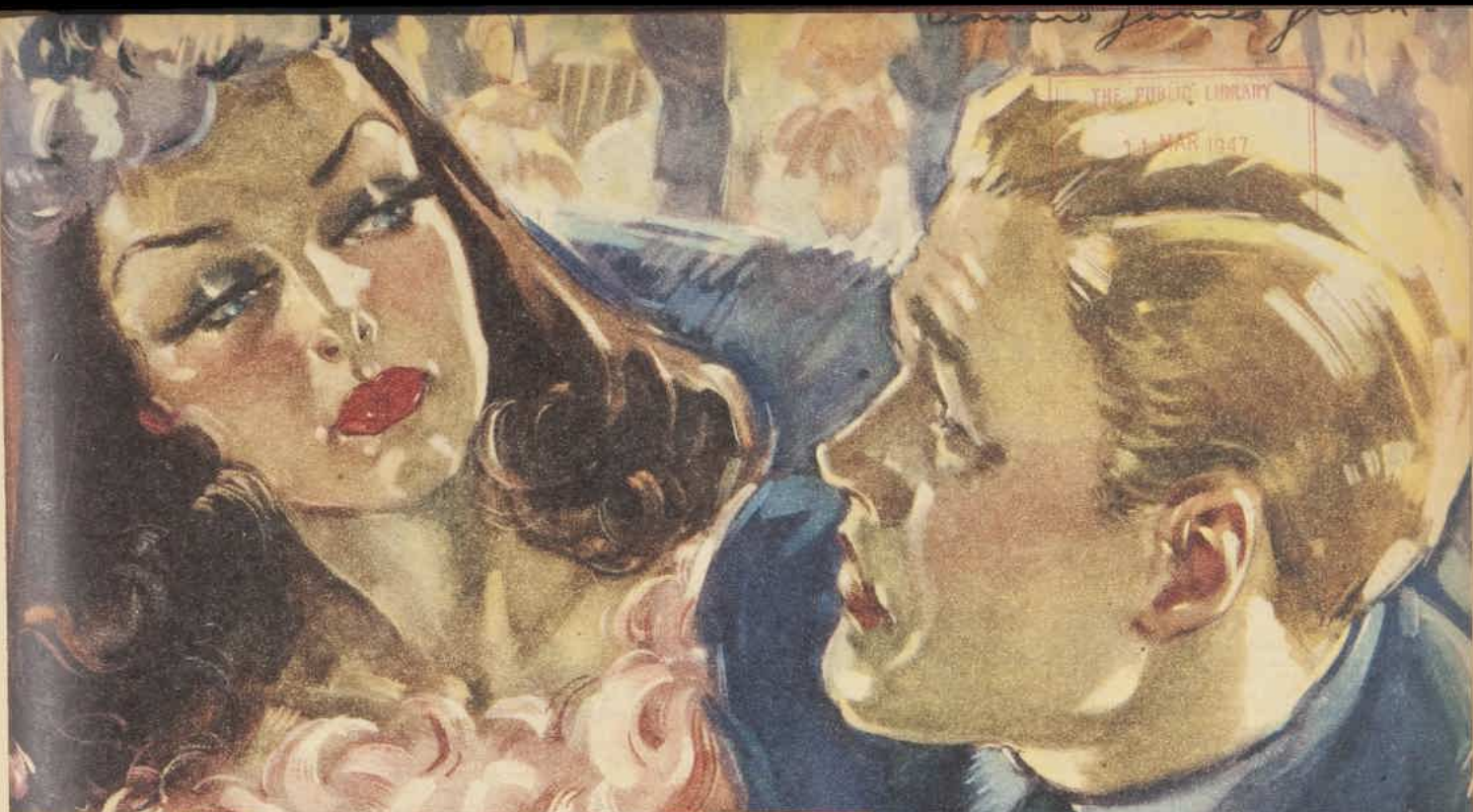


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the Singing Stars.

By MARY HOWARD

I MET Tamara through her brother, Ivor Radgewick, and though this is about me and Tamara it's also about Radgewick, because Radgewick is the sort of person you will always talk about.

Tamara, as I said, is his sister. She's small and dark, and really something. Shy as a robin on a branch, yet swift and strong and wild too. But about Radgewick.

It all started when our navigator went sick with pneumonia and we were wondering what sort of chap they would send us, because we had all been together from the beginning, and were halfway through our ops.

Then Tully, the big Irish-Canadian gunner, stuck his red head into the sergeants' mess one evening and said: "The new guy's come."

I looked up and asked: "Decent?" "Skipper," Tully said hollowly, "You don't understand. This guy is called Radgewick."

"Well?" I asked innocently. "Well," he said, "well, that's his real name. His stage name is Radgewick."

"An actor?" I said, uneasily.

"A ballet-dancer!" exploded Tully. Of course that did it. I thought Tully might have kept it under his hat for the sake of the crew. The whole mess started in on us. The cracks we got were more than flesh and blood could stand. That was, of course, until Raddy arrived and settled in. He was about twenty-two, short, but plenty of muscle, with bright, brown eyes and all the conceits and impudence in the world. He had pin-ups of all the great dancers stuck round his bed, including a signed one of Nijinsky, that his mother had given him.

But what got me was not the fact that he was a very good navigator, but his nerve. The whole mess was out to wreck his nerve, but you might as well have tried to drown a duck.

He got us under in the end. The first time was when he got three of us to try what he called "an easy work-out at the bar," and we were all crippled for a week afterwards. Then one day when he was bobbing and stretching and twisting and twirling—which he did at every spare minute—Tully asked, tren-

chantly, "And where does all this get you, boy?"

Whereupon little Raddy grinned, and said, "To this . . .!" and he took a couple of short steps and literally took off. Up he went, his feet and legs and hands all streamlined. Wonderful it was, like a Spit when it soars up into the air. Then he stopped in mid-air and seemed to hang there for a split second, and then he made a perfect landing, neatly, with all his feet together, like a cat dropping off a wall.

"Grand elevation," he said smugly. Well, of course, looking back I realise what the adjutant must have felt like when he looked in and found the whole sergeants' mess capering about on their number nines like mad elephants, with Raddy practically in hysterics. It completely got Tully.

After this, somehow, the whole mess took to Raddy. He and I went about together a lot. We went in a threesome because Selena was always with us.

Selena and I had been brought up together. My people have a farm down in Sussex, and Selena's old man is on the local council. He makes bricks and they are pretty well-off. Selena and I were tickled to death to find ourselves on the same station, and I must admit it had made some of our homecomings, especially after a shaky trip, feel much more real, to hear her voice bringing us in.

Actually, our people have always considered we should get married, and we always had thought we would, because we get on so well together, although Selena always said, "We don't want any of that sentimental love nonsense." It's rather nauseating, I think. And I had to admit it would have been a bit out of place between Selena and myself.

She was the sort of girl to whom everything was "wizard" or "a bad show," and who you knew, the moment you met her, had been captain of her hockey team and her

school. Not that every one didn't like her.

But Raddy certainly made an odd addition to our team, and I must admit she treated him as she did her Pekingese.

She had always said Pekingese were detestable creatures, not dogs in the real sense of the word, like her bull-terrier. Well, we had a bit of a row once, and I gave her a Pekie pup for Christmas, and, to my surprise, she lost her heart to the thing completely, especially after it bit the bull-terrier in the leg. Well, Raddy was like that to her. She came prepared to despise him, and then he got her completely fascinated.

A day on leave in London with Raddy was like no other day. He knew so many out-of-the-way places, and so many odd and colorful people, and they all talked so much about such extraordinary things, that Selena and I were quite content to sit and listen. He talked a lot about Tamara. She was nineteen then, and dancing in London with a well-known company. Raddy had tremendous ambitions for Tamara.

"I," he said, "am very famous. I will make a big name—a lot of money. But I am too hard with the music. No real sympathy . . . but Tamara!" and he would waft a kiss into the air with a dreamy sort of expression. If I had done such a thing in public Selena would never have spoken to me again, but she seemed to expect it from Raddy.

THEN I met Tamara. We had a camp concert, and Raddy got permission to bring some ballet dancers and an orchestra down, and very few of us had ever seen anything like it. These gauzy girls with their floating skirts and little idiotic wings and wreaths, soaring and leaping and twinkling, with old Raddy dressed in a black velvet Hamlet get-up tossing them about as though they were feathers—this was certainly something new.

Afterwards when the C.O. asked them over to the officers' mess, it

was rather funny, because Raddy in his black velvet was a king in his own line, and he bowed gracefully like a principal boy, and said he was very sorry, but they had already accepted an invitation from his own mess—perhaps some other time. It tickled us pink. The C.O. was bowing himself in the end.

Then our mess was full of gauge and foreign accents and wonderful eyes, and heavenly bare shoulders, and everyone was having a wonderful time even if they all did feel a little clammy and outsize.

Raddy brought the little girl he had danced with over to me and said, "Johnny, I want you to meet my sister, Tamara. I told you she would be a really great dancer one day. Tamara—this is my skipper, I've told you a great deal about him."

Then he went off with Selena, leaving me with this bit of a butterfly thing, who looked at me with "enormous brown eyes. I went to get her something to eat and drink, and spilled the coffee on the way back, and dropped the sandwiches on the floor, and then Spike, our rear-gunner, came over and asked her to dance.

Tamara said very primly, "No, thank you. I am going to talk to Johnny."

She picked up the sandwiches, and dusted them off, and ate them with apparent enjoyment. We sat on the arms of a big armchair, me trying to tuck my great feet out of sight, and hers in the pale pink satin shoes hidden under her huge crisp pale pink skirt which spread all over the chair and over my knees like transparent flower petals. She ate all the dusty sandwiches and asked for some more, and I rushed off to get them, and rushed back and practically threw Spike off the chair where he had settled again in my absence.

"I'm so hungry," complained Tamara. "Ivor will never let me eat before we dance. Thank you. That was lovely." She gave me back the plate and smiled. I had a crazy longing to pick her up and tear off somewhere with her where no other bloke could get a look at her.

I finally found my voice. "Tell me," I said, "why do you and Raddy speak like foreigners? Not with an accent, but sort of precisely, as though you had learned English? You are English, aren't you?"

She looked worried.

"Why do you and Raddy speak like foreigners?" he asked.

"Well," her soft voice was almost apologetic, "it is this way. My mother was Polish and my father was English, and they always spoke French."

I didn't get this, but she seemed so much in earnest that I nodded as though I found it a perfectly logical explanation.

"And then we were both in ballet school from being very tiny, and everyone speaks French and Russian, and sometimes Italian, and one gets into the habit of speaking another language, until when we speak English we don't sound like English." Her eyes were suddenly dreamy. "Sometimes," she said, "I try to say 'jolly good show' and 'absolutely wizard,' and 'shaky do.' I should love to be able to say them, but people only laugh at me."

Please turn to page 17



ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE



By...
**AGATHA
CHRISTIE**

CHIEF-INSPECTOR JAPP, of Scotland Yard, assisted by **HERCULE POIROT**, is investigating the alleged suicide of dentist **HENRY MORLEY** and the subsequent deaths of two of his patients, wealthy Greek **AMBERIOTIS**, to whom he had given an overdose of an injection, and **MISS SAINSBURY SEALE**, whose murdered body is found in a flat rented by her friend **MRS. CHAPMAN**.

Among those interviewed by the two men are Morley's patients **ALISTAIR BLUNT**, noted banker; **HOWARD RAINES**, an American; and **MR. BARNES**, a retired Civil Servant.

Blunt's niece, **JANE OLIVERA**, admits to Poirot that RAINES, with whom she is in love, holds radical views violently opposed to all that Blunt stands for, while Mr. Barnes advances the theory that Morley was involved in a disloyalist plot to disrupt the country's finances by murdering Blunt.

A puzzling feature of the whole case has been the contradictory behaviour of Miss Sainsbury Seale, and when her body is found the face is mutilated for no apparent reason.

NOW READ ON:

WHEN Hercule Poirot returned to his flat he was surprised to find an unexpected visitor awaiting him. A bald head was visible above the back of a chair, and the small neat figure of Mr. Barnes rose to his feet. With

eyes that twinkled as usual, he made a dry little apology.

He had come, he explained, to return M. Hercule Poirot's visit. Poirot professed himself delighted to see Mr. Barnes. George, the valet, was instructed to bring some coffee unless his visitor preferred tea or whisky and soda.

"Coffee will be admirable," said Mr. Barnes. "I imagine that your manservant prepares it well. Most English servants do not."

Presently, after a few interchanges of polite remarks, Mr. Barnes gave a little cough.

"I will be frank with you, M. Poirot," he said. "It was sheer curiosity that brought me here. You, I imagined, would be well posted in all the details of this rather curious case. I see by the papers that the missing Miss Sainsbury Seale has been found, that an inquest was held and adjourned for further evidence."

"That is quite correct," said Poirot.

There was a pause.

"Have you ever heard of Albert Chapman, Mr. Barnes?" Poirot asked at length.

"Ah, the husband of the lady in whose flat Miss Sainsbury Seale came to die? Rather an elusive person, it would seem."

"But hardly non-existent?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Barnes. "He exists. Oh, yes, he exists—or did exist. I had heard he was dead. But you can't trust these rumors."

"Who was he, Mr. Barnes?"

"I don't suppose they'll say at the inquest. Not if they can help it."

They'll trot out the traveller story." "He was in the Secret Service then?"

"Of course he was. But he had no business to tell his wife so—no business at all. In fact he ought not to have continued in the Service after his marriage. It isn't usually done—not, that is, when you're one of the really hush-hush people."

"And Albert Chapman was?"

"Yes, Q.X.912. That's what he was known as. Using a name is most irregular. Oh, I don't mean that Q.X.912 was specially important—or anything of that kind. But he was useful because he was an insignificant sort of chap—the kind whose face isn't easily remembered. He was used a lot as a messenger all over Europe."

"Then he knew a lot of useful information?"

"Probably didn't know a thing," said Mr. Barnes cheerfully. "His job was just hopping in and out of trains and boats and aeroplanes and having the right story to explain why he was going where he was going!"

"And you heard he was dead?"

"That's what I heard," said Mr. Barnes. "But you can't believe all you hear. I never do."

"What do you think has happened to his wife?"

"I can't imagine," said Mr. Barnes. He looked, wide-eyed, at Poirot. "Can you?"

"I had an idea—" Poirot began, then stopped. "It is very confusing," he added.

Mr. Barnes murmured sympathetically: "Anything worrying you in particular?"

"Yes," Hercule Poirot said slowly, "the evidence of my own eyes..."

He seemed disinclined to enlarge on this cryptic remark, however, and after a little further general conversation Mr. Barnes departed. Not half an hour later Chief Inspector Japp came into the sitting-room.

He asked, slowly and forcefully: "What gave you the idea that the body wasn't Miss Sainsbury Seale's body?"

"It was the face that worried me," Poirot told him. "Why smash up a dead woman's face?"

Japp said: "It's just possible, you know, that Morley was put out of the way on purpose—so that he couldn't give evidence."

"It would certainly be better if he could have given evidence himself."

"Leatherman will be all right. Morley's successor. He's a thoroughly capable man with a good manner and the evidence is unmistakable."

The evening papers came out with a sensation the next day. The dead body found in the Battersea flat, believed to be that of Miss Sainsbury Seale, was positively identified as that of Mrs. Albert Chapman.

Mr. Leatherman, of 58 Queen Charlotte Street, unhesitatingly pronounced it to be Mrs. Chapman on

the evidence of the teeth and jaw, full particulars of which were recorded in the late Mr. Morley's professional chart.

Miss Sainsbury Seale's clothes had been found on the body and Miss Sainsbury Seale's handbag with the body—but where was Miss Sainsbury Seale herself?

As they came away from the inquest Japp said: "You know, I wasn't happy about that body myself. After all, you don't go smashing a dead person's face about for nothing. There's only one reason there could be—to confuse the identity." He added generously "But I shouldn't have tumbled so quickly to the fact that it actually was the other woman. Trust you for that!"

Poirot smiled. "And yet, my friend, the actual descriptions of the women were not unlike as regards fundamentals. Mrs. Chapman was a smart, good-looking woman and Miss Sainsbury Seale was dowdy. But both were women of forty-odd. Both were

roughly the same height and build. Both had hair turning grey which they touched up to make it appear golden."

"Yes, of course, when you put it like that. One thing we've got to admit—the fair Mabelle put it over on both of us, good and proper. I'd have sworn she was the genuine article."

"But, my friend, she was the genuine article. We know all about her past life."

"We didn't know she was capable of murder—and that's what it looks like now. Sylvia didn't murder Mabelle. Mabelle murdered Sylvia."

Poirot shook his head worriedly. He still found it difficult to reconcile Mabelle Sainsbury Seale with murder. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale had been eminently respectable.

"I'm going to get to the bottom of this case, Poirot," Japp said emphatically. "That woman isn't going to put it over on me."

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YOU'LL HEAR

FROM HALLIE THANE.

By...

**BARBARA
ALDRICH**



play.) "Of course I still live here. It's my home. Of course I'm still married to Jim."

"Come into town to-night. I've got a man who'll adore you. Wake up that husband of yours. I'll bet he's snoozing this minute."

"Oh, Cam, I'd love to, but we couldn't possibly. Cam, where have you been?"

"All round, sweetie. Just back from England. I landed yesterday. Have you changed, Cuckoo? I'm a complete hag." Cam's voice was right in the room now. It seemed to stir up the house.

"Could you meet me to-morrow? Joseph's at one. You can't escape me." The food's still unbelievable, I suppose, Hallie thought. Cam's voice rippled on. "Lunched there to-day with Bunt. Remember Bunt? He's just back from Japan, and the stories he can tell! Gale's coming, too. I caught her after her show. Her pictures are certainly strewn around the city. Wait till we get her alone. We knew her when..."

"Not Gale, really," said Hallie faintly. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't make it, Cammie. You see..." (I've nothing to wear, nothing to talk about. There's Joan's dress to finish and the Guild meeting and the house to clean.) "There's something else I have to do."

"If you don't, I'll come out and spend the summer. Do you still wear the same kind of hats? I was crazy about your hats. Are you still the same funny Cuckoo?"

"Listen," said Hallie. "I'm Chairman of the Church Guild. Nobody's called me 'Cuckoo' for years." She could hear Cam laugh. "I think I'd better wear a red carnation."

"Then you will come. That's wonderful. Good-bye, angel. I've got to run. They're waiting for me. Joseph's at one, or else." The

"Guess who," Hallie heard a soft voice saying as cool hands were clasped across her eyes.

receiver clicked down on the music and perfume and waiters running hither and thither, but Hallie could see Cam, still dark and lovely, moving through it all.

Mrs. Adams turned back to her recipe; but her thoughts were with Camilla. Suddenly the words from the social columns dangled before her eyes: "You'll hear from Hallie Thane—"

Hallie looked out of the window and she could see Jim coming up the path. Jim would say when he came in that it was rather cold for this time of year and she'd answer yes, wasn't it?

She was glad that he wore his old suit to-day. That would save the blue one, and clothes didn't grow on trees. And then she thought, why, that's what Aunt Lizzie used to say. Aunt Lizzie had been an old woman already when she said it. Her thoughts were interrupted by the noise Chris, her younger son, made as he pounded into the hall.

WHEN they were all seated at dinner, Hallie asked, "Well, what sort of a day did you have?" and to-night it seemed to her that she sounded like a well-worn gramophone record. "Don't you want a drink, Jim?"

Jim Adams shook his head. "Keeps me awake lately. I'm dead tired. I'll have dinner and go to bed."

She'd wait a minute to tell Jim about Cam. Or perhaps she wouldn't tell him at all.

"Any more news about Pete getting his discharge?"

She shook her head. She started to tell him about the speech Mrs. Smith had asked her to make and

how pleased she'd been, but somehow, after Cam phoned—

"Guess who phoned me to-day, Jim, of all people! Camilla. After all these years. Remember Cam?"

Jim Adams looked up from his plate. He didn't look so tired suddenly. "Yes, I remember Cam."

"What do you suppose she's like now? She was so attractive. Men were crazy about Cam, weren't they?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jim. "She always talked too much."

"She wants me to go to lunch with her to-morrow. Gale Leslie's coming, too."

"Those two glamor girls. Are you going? It will be a change for you."

"I should say not," said Hallie. "I hate those warmed-over meetings. There'd be nothing really to say. They're just sentimental."

Hallie was getting the coffee now and she turned back to look at Jim. Jim was looking at her, almost as though she'd been away. A queer, creepy feeling came over Hallie. "Maybe I've changed and he's just noticing it now," she thought. Then dinner was over.

Hallie finished the dishes. It was only eight-thirty, but Jim Adams was sound asleep in his chair.

Hallie walked to the window and looked out at the garden. To-night she didn't feel like reading or sewing or the radio. The moon was enormous and terribly bright, and there was no one in sight. Hallie turned back. She didn't like the moon to-night.

Jim roused up.

"I think I'll turn in," he said. "I've got quite a day to-morrow."

He patted her shoulder.

Funny how you never did the

things you planned. She'd never wanted a husband who went to sleep right after dinner. That's what her father used to do. She'd never dreamed she'd live right out in the suburbs. She'd wanted to be near town, in the middle of things.

"Are you going in to lunch?" Jim asked next morning. "Give my best to Cam. And would you sew some buttons on my blue shirt? They're all off." Hallie didn't answer.

"Oh, have a little courage and run along. Find out the score," said Jim. And then he was gone.

Courage! Mrs. Adams suddenly got angry. She had had courage all right. What had that to do with this? She went upstairs and looked through her wardrobe.

She wasn't going, but if she did go, the black suit was the thing.

Chris was still reading in bed. "Chris," she cried, "get up and get ready for school. Your breakfast's ready. I may be going to town this afternoon."

"I'll take care of everything. Run along and enjoy yourself. Do you good."

After Chris left, the house seemed very still. It might do her good to get out. She didn't have to meet Cam. She could get her hair done, see the dentist about Chris' teeth, get his Boy Scout knife, look round for a coat for Joan.

THE bus Hallie had to rush for just caught the train. She sat back, absorbed in her thoughts.

For a long time she hadn't thought much about Gale and Camilla. When people said, "Isn't she marvellous, we had to queue up for hours!" she never said, "I used to know Gale. I went to school with her."

But she liked to think about Cam, who was always doing things that didn't seem like her—whipping up a wonderful dress out of a remnant, washing and setting her own hair, even after she married Ross and his money.

The journey in usually seemed too long, but to-day it seemed too short. Hallie came out of the station and stopped at a window before a big picture. It was of Gale Leslie. She had on a plain white blouse and her hair was like a golden halo. Gale was being sweet here. Gale was always being something.

Now she was at Joseph's. Hallie looked up at the grilled iron door of the restaurant and then she heard Jim's voice. Have a little courage and run along, find out what the score is. The stubborn Thane line came around her mouth, the one that was there when she married Jim.

"Guess who?" Hallie heard a soft voice saying as cool hands were clasped across her eyes.

She turned quickly to face Camilla, who looked even lovelier than she had remembered.

Cam's eyes were sparkling: "It's not you who need the red carnation," she said. "You haven't changed a bit. Tell me everything quickly. Tell me about Jim."

"Why, Jim. He..." She couldn't think of anything to say about Jim Adams at all.

There was nothing spectacular, nothing much to tell. They'd always got along all right, saved money for the children's education, the car, a trip now and then.

Hallie said, "It's about you I want to hear, Cammie. I don't know any news."

Please turn to page 25

MRS. ADAMS stood in the kitchen studying the recipe for a coffee sponge cake with mocha filling. New recipes fascinated Mrs. Adams. To-morrow she'd have to try it, for Jim loved new cakes. It was almost time for his bus now.

And then the telephone rang.

"Hallo, Hallie, is it really you? Darling, after all these years! What have you been doing? Stop biding your light under that bushel and come on out."

"Camilla," said Hallie. "Cam, where in the world...?"

"Don't tell me you're buried in the same place, Cuckoo? I just took a chance. Are you all right? Are you still married to Jim? What's become of Hallie Thane? everybody's saying. What's happened to you?"

"Nothing at all's happened," said Hallie. "I'm fine." (What's become of Hallie Thane sounds like a cheap

The Australian Women's Weekly—March 15, 1947

Page 5



Finer Texture . . .

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Paul Duval

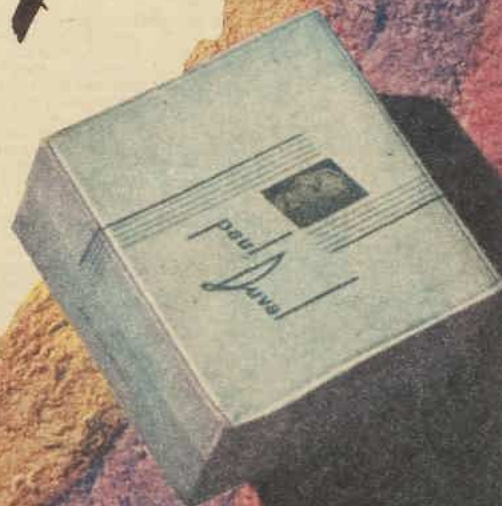


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By...

C. JONES

MR. DARLINGTON had cultivated a shy but sympathetic manner. He had cultivated it for over fifteen years in a fashionable jeweller's shop, and it hid a deep, amused knowledge of the women who had jewellery bought for them, or bought jewellery for themselves, or sold it. He was a bachelor.

On his first evening of his holiday he talked for a few minutes to Mrs. Thornton, who owned the hotel. She was probably nearly sixty, wearing a clever black frock, smart, but not competing with her clients. And he would have liked to look more closely at her string of small, perfectly graded cultured pearls.

He got the chance within a few days. Mrs. Thornton had grown friendly enough to unclasp it and throw it to him to catch.

"Did I pay too much for it? What's the good of having a young man who knows staying here if I can't get a bit of free advice?"

She was old enough to be his mother, and he felt at home with her. She laughed easily, and enjoyed his stories about his love of beautiful jewels, and about a lot of people who wore them.

They were in her own sitting-room, very modern and uncluttered, with a charmingly irrelevant pair of Victorian Staffordshire figures on the mantelpiece: Sankey and Moody, men of God, one with a black beard and the other with ginger whiskers. Mrs. Thornton looked as if she had seen a joke.

"I love your stories," she said. "And you're so clever. You haven't really given away a single secret."

"But I never would. I'd be sacked on the spot. A jeweller must be as careful as a lawyer or a doctor."

"I wonder whether I dare tell you a story. I've enjoyed it for nearly forty years."

Mr. Darlington looked sympathetic. Without asking him, she refilled his liqueur glass. "Are you old enough to have heard of the Bailliere ring?"

"My dear lady! You don't mean to say that you know what happened to it?" Mrs. Thornton gave a soft chuckle.

"I was companion to Mrs. Alschenberg when she lost it. How I hated that woman, and her sleek husband. But the job was my bread and butter. I was a nicely brought-up girl. Daddy was a parson who worked too hard. When he died I was nineteen and there was no money."

"Careers for young ladies were quite a new idea in those days. I was a plain girl, too, with all the wrong clothes and precious few of them. So mother asked her brother what could be done with me, and her brother asked the man at the Turkish Bath. I should think, and I found myself at the Alschenbergs. A terribly loud woman. You could be loud if you had money then."

"Yes. We've reset a lot of Edwardian jewellery," Mr. Darlington dismissed ten years of English taste.

"But it wasn't the cheerful vulgarity anyone can forgive. It was sheer, jealous thrusting. I think she enjoyed keeping me near her because I was quiet and dull and afraid. She enjoyed humiliating me because—well—because I was a lady. Horatio Alschenberg wasn't too bad at first. I thought he was kind. But he was only being cautious."

"I'm not flattering myself that he fell for me seriously. I was such a plain girl. But he certainly thought that I ought to fall for him," she sighed.

"Oh, dear, he had a face full of black moustache, and he was all pomade and amber cigarholder. The first time he tried to kiss me I wrote and told mother I wanted to leave. But being a young fool, I didn't tell her why. She was terrified of my never getting another job, and

"You go with her, Horatio," she said. "It's rather a lot, isn't it?"

so was I. So I stayed. And when I'd pushed him away half a dozen more times he began to behave as if it mattered.

"I'm sure Mrs. Alschenberg knew. I felt that she was enjoying my fright when he pestered me; but she got furious once because he wouldn't tell her what he had bought me for Christmas. I think she thought it might be expensive jewellery—something she'd like herself."

"She needn't have worried. My present was Sankey and Moody—you see, I've still got them. He thought it'd be a funny gibe at my old-fashioned principles. She got the Bailliere ring. He must have paid the earth for it."

"Yes. The figure is known, confidentially, of course. It was very, very valuable."

"It was very, very beautiful. Mr. Darlington, I was jealous. It wasn't right that that horrible woman should have anything so lovely. I wanted clothes, and jewels, and pictures, and I'd nothing. I looked at my plain face in the glass and thought that if you took that woman's expensive frocks off her and made her dress her own hair; took her jewels and her car, and wiped the triumphant expression off her face, she'd be as plain as I was."

"I wasn't a bit Christian, was I? But it did me good to find out. I'd been pretending to myself that I only hated her because she was a beast. When she held out her hand for me to admire the Bailliere ring at least I was honest. I was hating her because she had something beautiful I wanted."

"Still, I don't believe I'd have stolen it if she hadn't done something particularly beastly."

Mr. Darlington was always more interested in what happened than in the morality of it all.

"Charming," he said, to encourage the rest of the story.

"A few nights later they'd been out at a baccarat party. She'd told me to wait up for her, and I'd sat up reading. It was after two when they came in, and she rang for me to go to her boudoir. Horatio's eyes were red and greedy. Mrs. Alschenberg had won more money than I've ever seen in one bundle in my life even in that house."

"She looked at me in my poor little characterless frock and at Horatio, and she looked amused. She began to take her jewellery off, saying as she passed each article to me, 'Put all these things into their cases and lock them and the money in the safe downstairs.'"

"Then she said, 'You go with her,

THE BAILLIERE RING



Horatio. It's rather a lot, isn't it?"

"The woman wasn't nasty by accident. Making me handle a fortune in jewellery and money, telling me in the next sentence that she didn't trust me with it, and sending Horatio to keep an eye on me. Her money, her jewellery, her husband. I was too angry even to feel scared."

"When we got to the safe,

Horatio opened it. I put the jewel cases in one by one and made him count them. I showed that I was angry, and because he wanted me to be nice to him before we went back to the boudoir, he did what I asked him. Then I gave him the money. 'Count that, please, before I put it away,' I said."

Please turn to page 27

Not a grey hair
in her head!

The wise woman will not tolerate grey hair. ... She keeps her hair youthful and charming ... with Inecto Rapid. She knows that sun, sea or permanent waving do not effect it and that it cannot rub, brush, wash off nor fade.

Consult your hair-dresser or buy, with full instructions from your chemist.

INECTO RAPID HAIR COLOURING



They Live in
Twilight ...

Thousands of men as a result of war service have been left semi-blinded and live in fear of total blindness. To help them overcome their disability The Partially Blinded Soldiers' Association needs funds to assist these men in times of distress or unemployment.

As a thanksgiving for your sight, will you help us in this work?

Yours faithfully,

Mr. A. Phillips, Secretary, 312 Flinders St., Melbourne, Victoria.
Mr. L. W. Waller, Secretary, Montana House, King St., Sydney, N.S.W.
Mr. T. W. Simpson, Secretary, Crosby's Buildings, 110 Collins St., Hobart, Tas.
Mr. E. J. O'Regan, Secretary, R.S.S.I.L.A. Club, Adelaide, S.A.
Mr. G. Lawson, Secretary, Mount St., Toowoomba, Queensland.
Mr. J. M. Mackay, Secretary, 55 Hardy St., Hollywood, W.A.

Cranky...
as a bear?



Suspect
faulty
Elimination

Everyone needs a laxative sometimes ... a gentle, effective, non-habit-forming laxative ... a laxative that may be given safely to quite young children ... in fact, Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, packed in tins for your protection. ... 18 for 1/7

LAXETTES

The gentle and effective laxative

GRACE BROS *Quality Furniture*

for the 1ST
**PRIZE
WINNING
HOUSE
DESIGN**



This page illustrates how Grace Bros. will
furnish the Prize Winning House in the Homes and Gardens

Section at the **ROYAL EASTER SHOW**

This first bedroom will be of red cedar
and the dining-room of bleached
walnut, but there will also be a living-
room in weathered sycamore, a
daughter's bedroom in blond wood*
and a son's room of colonial
design . . .

Colour schemes are all evolved from
the lovely wall-papers, carpets,
window hangings and fabrics of
Grace Bros.' own unequalled
stocks . . .



Make sure to see this fine display of home furnishings, when you visit the Easter Show—
and for a greater selection of furniture for the Home Beautiful, visit:

GRACE BROS of **BROADWAY**

Intimate glimpses of the Royal Family on tour



ZULU, in traditional dress, looking towards the Amphitheatre Wall, Natal National Park, which the Royal party visited this week.

Princess Elizabeth keeps diary, writes daily to Queen Mary

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON, our representative travelling on the Royal tour

One of the most fascinating aspects of the tour of South Africa is the many intimate glimpses of the Royal Family it affords.

Travelling together (the Royal train and the pilot train pull up alongside each other on sidings), in constant attendance at formal and informal receptions, one shares not only their great adventure, but much of their simple family life.

IN the cool of the evening, strolling along a strip of soil between the rail tracks where the Royal and pilot trains are pulled up, the Royal Family often emerge from the shadows of pines, blue gums, or wattles nearby. With the simplicity and charm that give a touch of graciousness to everything they do, the King and Queen will bow good evening as we stroll past each other.

Princess Margaret, who is first to be seen, rarely enjoys these brief, happy moments of relaxation, but Princess Elizabeth—a cardigan thrown casually over her shoulders—is a girlish, glamorous figure in the group.

The King and Queen always take their stroll together—often arm-in-arm—while Princess Elizabeth, with her lady-in-waiting, Lady Margaret Egerton, the King's youthful equerry, Wing-Commander Peter Townsend, D.S.O., D.F.C., the King's private secretary, Major Michael Adeane, M.V.O., make up a youthful party and enjoy a brisker walk on a gayer, more robust note.

Princess Elizabeth, who is a little shy and tense at public functions, is an entirely different person in her private life.

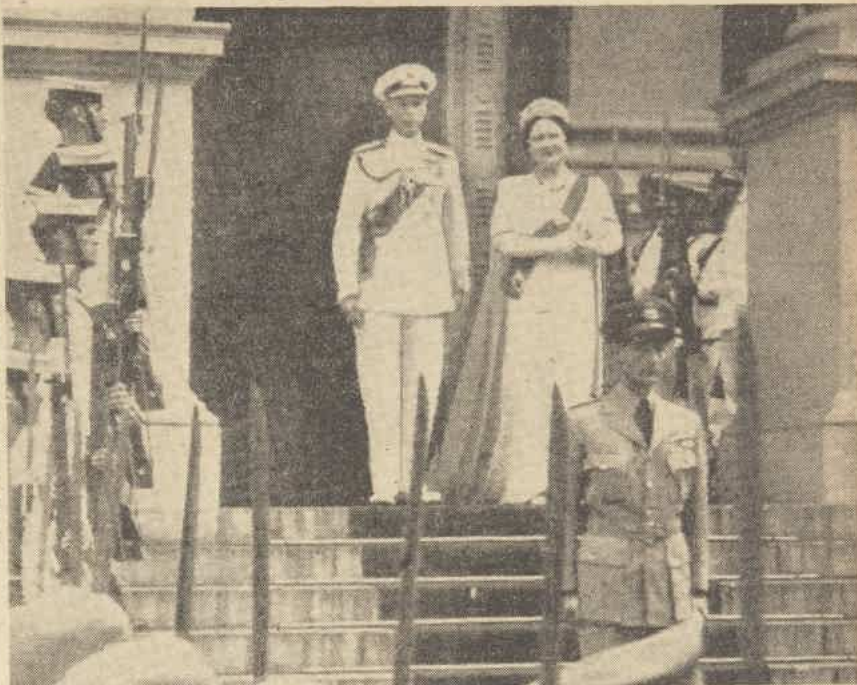
She has a great sense of fun, and will throw her head back in peals of laughter. She and her lady-in-waiting are particularly good friends.

Lady Margaret Egerton was in the A.T.S. with the Princess, and it was the Princess's own choice when Lady Margaret became her lady-in-waiting.

Nothing could be more amusing than to watch the way the naturalness of the Royal Family breaks down the reserve of their hosts.

At the first picnic the King, throwing off his jacket and waistcoat, went up to the Minister of Railways, Mr. Sturrock, and said: "Come on, old man, that's not the way to go to a picnic."

He invited Mr. Sturrock to take



THE KING AND QUEEN leaving Parliament House, Capetown, after the King had opened the fourth session of the ninth Parliament of the Union.

Then the farmer chased the train, handed up the belt to an equerry, calling, "Give this to the King." The King was delighted to receive the present.

There is nothing stiff or formal about the Royal Family when climbing off the train at short halts.

The Queen will pop into the bathroom and bring out a white stool and, handing it to the King, climb down, using the stool as a step.

One day the King said: "Where did you get that?"

The Queen said: "From the bathroom."

The King said: "Well, you'd better put it back."

The smiling faces of Bantu school-children are at all times a delight to the Royal travellers, who are most anxious to get photos of some of their wide black smiles.

The Royal train, like our pilot train, is the last thing in comfort and luxury. It is like being aboard ship.

Each day one of the journalists travels on the Royal train, returning at night to the pilot train to sleep.

We take it in turns to travel with the Royal Family.

Aboard you'll often find the Princesses chatting with Mr. F. C. M. Witter, the catering manager.

The foods served are fascinating to the Royal Family.

The King particularly likes koestesters (South African doughnuts), and they are now served with tea every afternoon.

Princess Elizabeth is delighted with the kitchens. She and Margaret pop in and out during the journey to see what is being cooked and to ask for recipes for the Queen.

On both the Royal train and the pilot train is a post office, where mail is delivered.

Every day Princess Elizabeth posts a letter to Queen Mary, smothering the envelope with stamps struck for the tour, so that each letter contains a full set.

These, with the rest of the mail, are collected and airmailed off the train from the next stop.

At stations en route fresh flowers are collected by the florist on the train; she keeps low, long vases filled with fresh blooms.

All the lovely wildflowers growing in South Africa are known to the Princesses.

The florist helps them with botanical names. Already they know the protea, grevillea, pig face, the ixia, and gousblom.

Both Princesses are keeping a diary as well as a pictorial record.

Princess Elizabeth writes her diary in duplicate, tearing off airmail sheets to send in letters to Queen Mary, so that the Queen Mother will

Special Knitting Issue next week

EVERY year The Australian Women's Weekly gives its readers the newest and best in knitting patterns.

In next week's issue, 11 pages of specially selected knittings for 1947 wear will be presented, together with directions for making.

The collection includes a distinctive and unusual dress, a bright, sleeveless, sun-topper, a superbly tailored suit, a teenager's charming two-piece of bolero with skirt and braces, from Paris; a sweater that is the toast of every college campus throughout America; an effective Cossack hat and gloves from London, and distinctive creations by Australian designers.

In addition, there are several attractive and practical garments for children's school wear.

have a first-hand account of her grand-daughter's impressions.

Princess Elizabeth has her mother's quick eye and retentive memory, and the personal diary of the Princess, I'm told, is a factual and colorful account of the Royal tour, describing in detail the scenery and the people.

When the Royal and pilot trains pull up at sidings the first person to dash across from the pilot train is the Queen's hairdresser, Mr. J. H. Joerin.

He never does the Royal coiffures while the train is moving, but once it has pulled up he is on the Royal train to attend to them.

He is using a little oil in his shampoo, for the South African climate is dry, and since the Princesses arrived their fair hair has lost a little of its lustre.

The remarkable thing about the Royal ladies is the way they have kept their skin as fair as the day they left England.

While everyone else has developed a deep sallow they have retained fresh complexions.

Both the Queen and Princess Elizabeth have special make-up for the tour.

Instead of foundation creams they are using a light foundation lotion, and though Princess Margaret is too young yet to use make-up she may have a light dusting of powder to protect her skin from the sun.



AT KENILWORTH RACECOURSE the Royal Family watch the parade of entrants for the Cape of Good Hope Derby. They received a tumultuous welcome from the huge crowds on the beautiful tree-encircled course.

CALL TO THE CANNERIES

AUSTRALIA'S bountiful fruit harvest is rolling in to the canneries.

The industry is appealing to women to fill the work benches, so that no fruit need be wasted.

There is nothing glamorous about working in a cannery. It's just as much hard work as doing your own housework, cooking and washing—but it's also just as important.

The Australian housewife, still harassed by shortages and weary from carrying her heavy stringbag, may feel she should not be expected to help any more in the nation's work.

But if she looks round her own kitchen—at the stove which still works, the taps that still run, the pantry shelves that still carry a fair variety and quantity of food—she may realise that her hardships are comparatively light.

Australian women, especially older housewives, did a magnificent job during the war when canned foods were part of the drive for victory.

England's piteous food ration is not likely to increase for a long time, Europe is still ravenously hungry, and millions are expected to die from starvation in Asia this year.

This makes a job in a cannery as urgent a task for women in peacetime as it was during the war.

England's womenfolk, who did many national chores as well as their own household work during the war years, hoped to relax a little in the second year of peace. But the national emergency created by the big freeze brought them out of their homes again to essential work, with the same patience and dependability that they showed during the blitz.

They set a fine example for women more comfortably situated.

A part-time job in a cannery not only helps to feed hungry people in other countries, but also aids the family budget.

And reduced income tax will put a silver lining in the tins that women cannery workers slide along the endless belt.



ARTIST SPRODS' IDEA of the unexpected clerical difficulties which (says Japanese defence counsel at the War Crimes Tribunal in Tokyo) delayed Japan's declaration of war until after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

It seems to me....

THE first two telephone calls I had after this column appeared were from:

(1) A gentleman who wanted to know was a woman columnist a columbine or a columnette?

(2) A girl who wished to sell me life insurance.

MR. ROMANO, according to the cables, wept as he said good-bye to Bernborough in California, and kissed his nose.

Back from my childhood comes that touching verse, "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed":

"Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?"

"Tis false, 'tis false! My Arab steed! I'll fling them back their gold!"

"Not quite, perhaps. Let's bring it up to date: 'Tis true that I have given thee up. But 'twas a tempting bid!"

"Alas! I must console myself with thirty thousand quid."

"THAT Tommy Manville," said the lady next to me in the bus, "ought to be put a stop to. Marrying for the ninth time indeed!"

I don't know just how, under existing laws, Mr Manville can be stopped from making marriage a farce. But if there were no young ladies... shall we say? ...willing to marry him the matter would resolve itself.

THE Quiz season is on us once more. National Quizzes are harmless, and diverting. But if they justify their expenditure of money and manpower in returns for the Loan, I'll eat my new thirty-five-and-elevenpenny straw halo.

DEFENCE (COUNSEL) at the War Crimes Tribunal in Tokyo has explained that Japan's failure to declare war before attacking Pearl Harbor was caused by unexpected clerical difficulties which made the Note twenty minutes late:

I had SUCH a morning, the Minister sighed. The typist was late; I could have cried. We DID want to do things in Western style. Six copies, you know, and one for the file. Not one piece of carbon in the place! And the planes for Pearl Harbor had left the base. Whereas we had timed for their outward flight. Our declaring of war—we are always polite. Then I had to turn round and make the tea. Such trying delays, I'm sure you can see. And of course we'd have mentioned all this before. But we thought at the time we would win the war.

THE law is quite a remarkable thing. Here's this Lucky Luciano, described as New York's former vice, dope, and gambling king, been playing merry hell in Cuba, and the police couldn't do a thing, so they said, because they hadn't an excuse to deport him. (This after he had undermined the Cuban police force and made millions in gambling houses.)

Then some official realised that when he landed in Cuba he had sworn he was of good moral character, so they pinned a perjury charge on him and deported him.

This is fortunate for other gangsters. Presumably, they just describe themselves as "immoral and dishonest" when landing in Cuba, and everything will be o.k.



Dorothy Drain

IN "Crusts and Crusades," Billy Hughes, at 82, has written a lively book of reminiscences of his younger days.

He presents them simply as tales of a world that's gone, a world in his own words: "...when industrial arbitration, like the motor and the aeroplane, was deep in the womb of things to come... a world in which the yeast of change worked mightily and men dreamed golden dreams of a New Order—which then, as now, was just around the corner."

He writes these stories with the detachment of age. And you can't help feeling a certain wistfulness that this is one of the things age usually brings, the power to view the struggles and beliefs of youth with tolerant amusement.

Plenty of people will be ready enough to say of Billy that he simply changed his political coat. (They've been saying that as long as I can remember.)

But to me he's a man who exemplifies what happens to thousands of private citizens. They start off in their youth as radicals and as their arteries harden they modify their political beliefs.

It's natural enough. Up to 30, most people can contemplate the idea of a brave new world with enthusiasm.

After 30, fewer of them can face the idea of a new order. They have too much at stake in the old one.

Billy's switch of politics from a pioneer of the Labor movement to a pillar of the Liberal Party has been, to my mind, an example of that common human trait.

He differed from others in two things: he stayed in politics longer and he had the courage to make the change openly.

You can point out, of course, many ageing politicians who stayed with the Labor movement.

But most of them are the Right Wing of the Party.

STEERING neatly off what could develop into a political argument, I was about to add that when people, men or women, get old, they are no longer much interested in a new and better world, since they haven't got much longer to live in it.

But I was interrupted by a phone call from a friend of mine who has three children. We were talking about the new atom-bomb film, "Beginning or the End," and I remarked gloomily that I couldn't see much hope for civilisation.

She promptly countered that with examples of the hopeful signs for peace and progress that were to be found in a reading of the news of the world.

"Anyway," she said, "I find I have to think that way. With three children you couldn't endure life without optimism for the future."

AN A.B.C. news broadcast recently dealt with the following items:

- Soviet attitude to the U.S.-Canada defence agreement.
- Reactions to the British quit India plans.
- The winding-up of UNRRA.
- British plans for using atomic energy as a source of power, and news of the fuel crisis in Britain.
- Statement by the Prime Minister on shipments of food to Britain.

All told, a fair amount to digest in a few minutes. There followed the announcement of the 1947 Davis Cup team.

Said the announcer: "I will repeat those names," and did so.

No, this isn't a criticism of the announcer, or the news compilers, who are aware of which items the listeners wish to have most clearly engraved on their minds.

You find your own moral.

Interesting People



MRS. GERTRUDE VAN TIJN humanitarian work

AFTER studying Australia's plan for refugees, Mrs. G. van Tijn has flown to America. She has done vast amount of refugee work since 1933, when she joined League of Nations advisory committee. German by birth, she married a Dutchman. Helped refugees pouring into Holland from Germany. Was an officer in Chinese counterpart of UNRRA, which took charge of displaced persons. "We fed and housed 15,000 Jewish refugees. Other groups taught them crafts so they could earn a living wherever they live."



SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES loves to star-gaze

ASTRONOMY is described as "queen of sciences" by astronomer Royal, 57-year-old Sir Harold Spencer Jones, who came here to discuss plans to enable Australia to co-ordinate with other world observatories in astronomical observations. Said in Canberra: "I am enjoying surroundings here. It is pleasant to get some genial sunshine." He has written several books on astronomy. Became Astronomer Royal in 1933.



MRS. ARTURO RODRIGUEZ was Porto Rico, censor

FLUENT speaker of English, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Italian, Mrs. A. Rodriguez, born of Scottish parents at San Juan, Porto Rico, now in Adelaide, was Assistant Wartime Censor of personal mail at San Juan, examining over 16,000 letters in 14 months. Assistants selected 40 or 50 from the 500 or so letters going through daily from Spain to Argentina. Subversive letters and any revealing psychological trends in Germany were sent to Washington.

SHE'S A HOT GOSPELLER AT SIX YEARS



EVANGELISTS give spirited rendering of negro spiritual, "Ah Got Shoes." Jack Martz at the piano, and, left to right, Renee, Mrs. Martz, and Ruby May James.

Young evangelist rattles off sermons as other children relate nursery rhymes

By MARY COLES of our Melbourne staff

Renee Martz, first child hot gospeller to visit Australia, plays with dolls, calls her father by his christian name, delights in fairy stories, and forces home her sermons with wisecracks which at times make even her parents wince.

In America this six-year-old has held crowds of six thousand people spellbound, and in Melbourne you could have heard a pin drop when she spoke in packed halls.

RENE'S 35-year-old father, Jack Martz, explaining the motives behind hot gospelling, says the aim is to reach people not ordinarily attracted to religion by providing smart musical programmes and peppy religious talks.

A former jazz pianist, Martz took up evangelistic work after what he describes as his conversion, when he felt inspired to preach the Gospel after his first visit to a church at the age of nineteen.

But it is Renee who really has the psychology of modern presentation of religion down to a fine art. She says in a well-modulated, childish voice with a pronounced American accent that she "preaches to get souls saved."

Renee always selects her own sermon subjects. Her parents do not allow her to address meetings more than once or twice a week and usually she does not know she is going to be allowed to speak until just before a meeting.

"We like her to talk naturally and spontaneously, without thinking too much about what she will say," her father explained.

There certainly was not much formality about her description of Jonah and the whale at her first Melbourne meeting.

Wearing a white frock and red ribbon encircling her light brown hair, she outlined that "Because Jonah was aboard, the boat got topsy-turvy. The captain was in a great state."

"Oh my, oh my," he said, and hurried everyone up on deck because he thought the boat was going to sink.

Dramatically drawing herself up to her full height, she went on: "At last Jonah cried—See here, captain, I'm the cause. Throw me over."

"Well, the captain was in a spot because throwing a passenger over didn't seem a nice thing to do. But in the end they did throw him over and the sea calmed down."

"Now guess where Jonah went—"

Holding her surprise, her face wreathed in smiles, she confided: "Jonah went into the belly of a whale! Now, wasn't that a clever thing for the Lord to think of."

"Well, Jonah was still pretty frightened down there in the dark and after a while he began to pray and when he did that the whale felt sick."

Swaying in mock pain, she dramatized the whale saying, "Oh, oh, I feel kinda funny."

"What's this I have in my belly? Maybe an octopus. Oh, oh, I must get him out."

"And so the whale swam round," continued Renee, "feeling kinda funny and when he got near land he was able to get rid of Jonah."

I met Renee at the home of Richmond Pentecostal Church Pastor C. L. Greenwood, who invited Jack Martz to lecture in Australia with his wife, daughter Renee, and well-known American woman evangelist Ruby May James.

Away from her public Renee did not have two words to say for herself during the first half-hour of our acquaintance.

After politely smiling hello, she sat back curled up in an armchair and attentively listened to the conversation as I talked with her parents and Ruby May James.

She finally excused herself by alighting out of her chair and asking leave to play hide-and-seek. "She's a very sensible little thing,"

her father said. "I believe children should be brought up in a positive atmosphere, and when Renee gets her eye on something we don't want her to have, instead of saying, 'No, don't do that,' we hedge round and redirect her attention elsewhere."

It was only six months ago that Renee got her eye on the pulpit. She made the decision after giving an impromptu sermon, as another child might launch forth with a recitation, at the home of a friend of Ruby May James, who was entertaining a large number of guests.

The sermon made a great hit, and Renee got such a kick out of "preaching" she thought she would like to take her turn in the pulpit, too. Instead of contenting herself with singing and blowing a toy trumpet at her father's revival meetings.

Gifted with a photographic memory (at three, her father says, she could count to a thousand and recite 200 pieces of poetry), Renee is so steeped in biblical history that she can rattle off sermons as another child of her age might relate nursery rhymes.

Although newspaper reading is still beyond Renee's capabilities, she carefully combs through news columns and cuts out any items in which she can find her name.

Little wisecracker

BEING on the move always with her parents, travelling throughout the United States on lecture tours since she was a fortnight old, with her acute powers of observation and deduction, has made her a little wisecracker at six.

It's just something that has happened, whether you approve of it or not.

But, in spite of her adult approach to life, and although exceptionally strong-willed, she has a sweet, pliable personality.

When Renee came back from her game of "hid-y" I asked her what was the thing she liked most of all.

Bubble-gum and ice-cream were among her "likes."

Thoughtfully resting her chin in cupped hands she decided her greatest dislike was crime.

"Crime," I echoed, "what do you mean by that?"

"Oh, you know," she lightly tossed back, "Black Dahila murders and things like that."

"Sure you have 'em here, too," she assured me. "I know, because I



Hot gospeller six-year-old Renee Martz, snapped while talking animatedly in ordinary conversation.

asked a reporter here if there were murders in the papers and the reporter said, yes, there were."

Renee's education at present is in the hands of her father, who is a Bachelor of Arts and graduate of the Baptist University, Los Angeles, and of Ruby May James.

Before leaving for Australia, the Martz family and Ruby May James had been giving a series of meetings at a soup kitchen run by a friend in a Los Angeles slum district.

The soup kitchen was sandwiched in between a low pub and a wine saloon.

After taking stock of the locality the night Renee took her meeting she requested a bill to be posted outside inscribed "Free Drinks For All."

She explained to her father that the "free drinks" bribe was the only way the meeting had of competing with the adjoining bars.

Answering the suggestion that, although very engaging, Renee's precocity might later lead to a breakdown in health, Jack Martz said that physically and mentally she had been on the run from the time she could toddle, without any ill-effects.

"Ruby May began preaching at nine as the daughter of an American missionary in China and hasn't had any let-up since."

"I've been on the go myself since I was a tiny kid, and we're both all right," he drawled, rather surprised and perplexed at the thought that anyone might want to live at a slow tempo.

Renee had disappeared again, and

a little voice came from the bedroom:

"Where's the reporter? Come in here and see me dress up like Mummy and Ruby May," the voice encouraged.

There she was primping before a long mirror, bobby-pins clasped in her teeth. With deft twists she was giving herself a pompadour hair-do—before straggling into one of her mother's blouses.

"Ruby May, pass me down that necklace—thanks, and now that bracelet," she demanded like a movie star issuing orders to her dresser.

"Hurry, hurry, the photographer can take my picture like this."

"Oh, no, he doesn't want to take your picture like that," scorned her father, giving me a sly wink.

"You can play at being grown up for fun when you feel like it, but the photographer wouldn't think you were very interesting."

"You're only six and he'd think it silly if you pretended you weren't a little girl."

"Okay, that's right, I guess," agreed Renee, sliding back into a lolly-pink striped frock.

When we left she motioned the photographer and myself to bend down so she could implant a winking good-bye kiss on the cheek of each of us.

Thrilling as a Love Letter!

Last year's slip
yet it still has that
New look...that
LUX LOOK!



**Lux care
keeps undies lovely
3 times as long!**

Prettier than words can tell—that lovely lacey confection Meg is wearing. Yet her slip isn't new. That new look is the Lux look. It's left-in perspiration that ruins delicate fabrics. But a regular nightly Lux dip gently whisks it away before it can do harm. Tests prove that with Lux, undies stay new-looking 3 times as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

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Are you making the most of yourself? Make-up right... complexion clear... hair shining... figure slim? You'll find all your problems answered by a world famous beauty expert in Jean Cleland's fascinating book, "Be Beautiful". 96 pages of advice on—

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The Australian Women's Weekly, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Please send me a copy of "Be Beautiful" by Jean Cleland post free to the address below. I am enclosing a postal note for 6/6.

Name _____ Address _____



IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those
in need of friendly, experienced advice

● I have chosen to answer first this week a letter that I feel describes a situation existing in many homes to-day.

It is from a sensitive girl in her late teens who is worried because a gulf has grown up between her mother and herself through differences in their education.

HERE is her letter, which shows how unhappy she has become as a result of the situation:

"I AM 17, and have been brought up by my widowed mother, who has always sacrificed herself so that I could have the best of everything. She insisted that I go to a good school, have singing, dancing, elocution lessons, and all extras, even though during the last years I could see that it wasn't fair to her, and fought against it. The result is that I have no tastes in common with my mother, who had none of these advantages herself. We speak differently, think differently, have different ideas about almost everything. She grates on me, and I am ashamed of her, although I despise myself for it."

Your mother has led a life of unselfish love to give you a better chance than she had herself. That takes character of the highest order and makes her a woman to be proud of—in any company.

Department classes and music lessons provide only a veneer. It's what is under the veneer that counts and will be appreciated by worthwhile people.

Your mother's efforts have been wasted if your education has not given you the capacity to rise above externals. Your character will be inferior to hers if you do not strive after a truer sense of values.

But do not think I have no sympathy for you. Your feelings are the natural result of youthful sensitivity and inexperience. I hope you will take some comfort from my assurance that what mortifies you now will matter less and less as you grow more mature, until finally it will not matter at all.

Until that time you must never show by word or deed that you are conscious of your mother's limitations. Remember you will never lose a friend worth having because of them. People of intelligence and character will always assess her at her true value.

"A YEAR ago I became a widower.

I have a son aged six. Lately I have been urged for his sake to marry an old family friend who is in all ways suitable—except that I don't love her. I hope to marry again, even consider it my duty to the boy. But I want to wait till I

And the woman who'll make me happy as a wife, as well as being a mother to my son."

You appear to be so placed domestically that you can provide adequate care for your small son. Most certainly wait till you find the woman who will both make you happy and give him a mother's care. It will be a better household for him to grow up in if your second marriage is one of love and not of convenience. And when he can judge as a man your son won't grudge your waiting for your second chance of happiness.

"A MAN I have met in business has sent me a very nice cigarette-lighter. He knows I am married, and things have always been perfectly platonic between us. I particularly don't want to read into his gesture more than is meant, but can't help feeling rather uncomfortable about the whole thing. I haven't told my husband."

Then do so. Frankness is best for yourself, your husband, and your marriage. Little deceptions have a way of boomeranging right back at you. If, on behalf of your firm, you have previously entertained the man to lunch or dinner, a small present such as flowers or sweets is only a gracious way of expressing thanks.

When it comes to expensive gifts, the golden rule for all business women, married or single, is—don't accept them. Men who give them usually have an ulterior motive.

"MY friends all tell me it is unwise to become fond of a man who has the name of being a gay dog. They say that that sort never settles down even after they are married. I haven't had a great deal of experience, and would like to know what someone else thinks."

Naturally, it isn't possible to make any hard and fast rules. But, by and large, I should say that, contrary to the warnings of your friends, a man who has had a fairly gay time as a bachelor is far more likely to settle down and make a model husband after he is married than a man who has had little or no experience of the world.

A confirmed gay dog, of course, will never settle down. But a man who has only been waiting for the right girl is the sort who, nine times out of ten, never looks at another woman once he has found her.

Write for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, names-de-plume, or addresses will be published.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098 W.W., G.P.O., Sydney.

She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions. You must have professional advice on those.

"I HAVE been engaged for 18 months. Until just lately my fiancé and I loved being together, always had a lot of fun, and never spoke a word of criticism. Now we seem to criticise each other all the time. I almost dread being alone with him in case he will find fault. Yet I really love him as much as I ever did, and I think he loves me."

I think perhaps you're making the mistake of expecting too much of each other. People who are in love often do. Remember you're marrying a man who is just like anyone else—with the same faults, shortcomings, and imperfections. He's somebody in a film or a book, not you.

He's the man you fell in love with, wanted to share your life with—remember? And you're the girl, accepting each other on those terms.

"MY husband has always been more than usually aware of women's clothes. Now that they are school bills to pay, I find that I simply can't spend as much on clothes as I used to. Several times when we have been out with friends lately, I have felt that he was comparing my appearance unfavorably with that of the other women. I am still young and fairly well-looking. But I feel the children come first. What do you think?"

Decidedly I agree with you that the children come first. I think it's nice, though, that your husband still wants you to look smarter than the wives of his friends. If he says that all through your married life you're a lucky woman.

Why not compromise? Budget very carefully, and first chance you get buy one very good outfit that he'll like. Keep it for special occasions only.



POPULAR MEMBERS of Sydney's American community, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Britton, bring back leis given them at Honolulu. During flight leis were kept on ice so that Helen could give them to friends here, Helen had two months in Honolulu.



AFTER INVESTITURE, Mrs. S. F. Bolton, Mrs. G. D. Tancred, and Margaret Murray celebrate with luncheon at Prince's with Lieutenant-Commander S. F. Bolton, R.A.N., and Commander G. D. Tancred, R.A.N., both of whom were awarded the D.S.C. at Government House.



CANBERRA WEDDING. Eric Barnes and his bride, formerly Olive Robertson, second daughter of Archdeacon C. S. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, leaving St. John's Church, Canberra, where Archdeacon Robertson is rector. Olive was a nursing sister in the R.A.A.F. during war, and Eric was in Air Force.

Intimate Gossipings



NEW ZEALAND GROOM. Mr. and Mrs. Colin Flett leave St. David's, Lindfield, after recent marriage. Bride is former Helen Stevens, of Lindfield; Colin comes from Milton, South Island, N.Z., where couple will make future home.

HEAR from Mrs. S. C. Herring, of Killara, that her daughter, Mrs. Diana Lake, has recently been the guest of the young Phil Games at their home in Kent.

Phil is the son of Sir Philip Game, who was former Governor of N.S.W., and Lady Game. His wife is a Sydney girl, the former Vera Blackburn, daughter of Sir Charles Blackburn. Diana, who had a short leave from her work in Germany with the Occupation authorities, writes to Mrs. Herring that she hopes to arrange a passage to Australia. She is godmother to the Games' new son.

SYDNEY Rowing Club will celebrate its 75th anniversary on March 15 by opening a new boatshed, which is memorial to members who fought in both wars—1914-18 and last one. Governor will perform unveiling ceremony, arriving at the club at Abbotsford by water. Big programme of aquatic events during afternoon: rowing races, outboard-motor races, Royal Motor Yacht Squadron will provide escort for Governor's arrival.

There will also be sculling race, and exhibitions by Interstate King's Cup eight, which leaves soon to compete in W.A., and by N.S.W. sculling champion Merv Woods.

Another ceremony: Mrs. H. C. Kerr will christen the "H. C. Kerr," new rowing eight presented to the club by her husband.

CANBERRA'S Victoria League entertains Viscount and Lady Bledisloe at afternoon party when couple visit capital. High Commissioner for U.K. Mr. E. J. Williams and his charming wife, Mrs. Williams, accompany them. After afternoon tea Viscount Bledisloe, who is retiring president of Royal Agricultural Society of England and former Governor of New Zealand, explained to group that he and his wife were on goodwill mission from farmers of Great Britain to farmers of Australia and New Zealand.

TWO well-known people with new jobs are Nell Trickett and ex-W.A.A.F.F. Flight-Officer Audrey Russell. Nell is receptionist to a Macquarie Street doctor, and Audrey is learning all about designing sheepskin carpets.

LEARN at luncheon party given by Tivoli management for American stars of current show that feminine members of company are already sold on Australian fashion goods and shops. They specially like our dress materials. Return compliment by admiring Virginia Lee's good looks that caused her to be mistaken for U.S. strip-tease artist, Gypsy Rose Lee, on first day of arrival. Like, too, the candor of brilliant mime Bernie Baron, who turned from legitimate theatre to variety because, as he laughingly put it, "he liked to eat."

DUST and heat of Bourke shaken off by Margaret and George Henderson when they leave desert homestead for a month in Tasmania. Hear that though in heart of desert, Margaret's house is simply last word in mod. cons., with guest bathrooms and heavenly furnishings.



COUNTRY INTEREST in wedding of Tom Capp, of Quirindi, and his pretty bride, Pat Christian, only daughter of the Charles Christians, of Elizabeth Bay. Tom is younger son of the A. E. Capps, of Cowan Lake, Quirindi. Couple wed at St. Mark's, Darling Point.



CELEBRATION LUNCHEON AT ROMANO'S. Mrs. Don Patterson (left) entertaining her sister, Norma Polak, who has just announced her engagement to Morton Chapman, of Longueville, and Mrs. Ian Henning (right). Norma is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Polak, of Longueville, formerly of Matland.



DANCE THIS FRIDAY at Valentine's, Sydney's new restaurant, is planned by Pat Bowceman, Shirley Bowceman (president), Joyce Oswald, and Joan Eyles, members of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Junior Social Committee. Dance is committee's first function of year.



COUSINS. Newlywed Mrs. Ken Maxwell, the former Joan Webb, of Narramine. With her is Joan McHaffie, of Cremorne, who weds Len Fowkes, of Bundaberg, Queensland, on March 21.

JOYCE and John Hall, of Newcastle, are first of well-known trippers back from Noumea. French champagne and perfume available—but not at the modest prices most of us like to think. Noumea has nylon, too, but again—you have to pay for them. Mrs. Bill Crossing and Mrs. Dick Allen arrived the day before the Halls left; the four dined together that night.

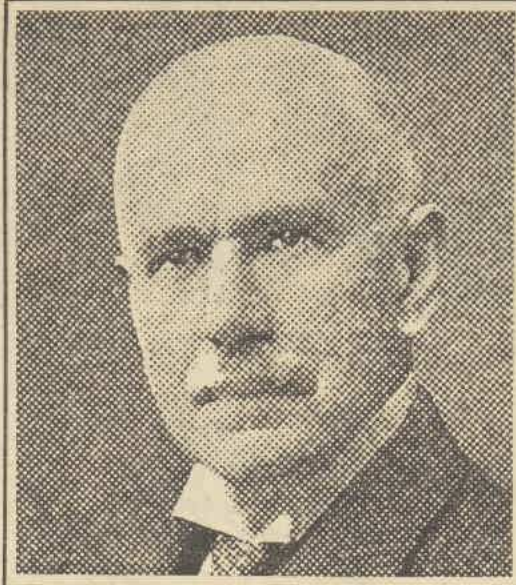
HEAR that the young Owen Merrimans, of Yass, who are staying since their recent marriage with Owen's people at "Ravenworth," are among those deep in house plans, and hope to begin building their own place shortly. Margaret Swallow, who has been staying with Pam, is back again in town. Margaret will be bridesmaid to Anne Gordon when she marries Geoffrey O'Shaughnessy in April.

AT dog gymkhana organised by Benoni Edey at her Victoria Road home in aid of Far West Children's Health Scheme am impressed by absence of old standby dog names Toby and Rover among entries. Mrs. Greg Kater has PUNCH, Mrs. Russell King calls her cairn terrier Duster; Mary Eyer's cocker is Blondy; and Mrs. Spencer Holloway enters Frisky. The Edeys' own adored bulldog is lovingly christened Algy.

RECEPTION in the big drawing-room of old Blaxland home, "Dunheved," Hunter's Hill, after marriage of Margaret Eldridge, daughter of the R. Eldridge, of Canberra, to Mervyn Cover, son of the H. H. Covers, of "Dunheved," Hunter's Hill. Couple will make future home at Newcastle.

JOYCE

"A man's age can be reckoned by the state of his blood"



Here is a true life story—a human document describing how a man turned his life of failure and depression into one of achievement and happiness—a story that might well change your life, too!

He writes:— To British Medical Laboratories, Sydney.

Dear Sirs,—

As a business man myself, I usually place little reliance on printed testimonials of any nature, and personally I have never previously lent my own name for such a purpose, but, quite frankly, I have benefited so much by recent use of Menthoids that I feel I should let you know.

Prior to coming in contact with your great remedy, I had for the preceding 12 months commenced to go steadily downhill so far as energy, mental concentration and general health were concerned.

Business worries, plus advancing years, were no doubt responsible, but I had reached the point at which life was becoming intolerable. I could not concentrate on the simplest problem, I simply hated business and everything associated with it, and my mental and physical lassitude became a nightmare to me. I tried numerous tonics, medical prescriptions, etc., without relief, my condition became rapidly and alarmingly worse, I developed severe neuritis in my right shoulder and arm to the extent that, quite apart from the incessant maddening pain which kept me wide awake the greatest part of every night, the right shoulder joint itself became partially locked and I was unable to lift my arm above shoulder level.

That was my condition, racked with pain, utterly listless and depressed, with no energy and devoid of all confidence in myself or the future, when Menthoids was recommended to me by a friend. Within a week I felt a slight improvement; I carefully adhered to all instructions, and within three weeks even my business friends commented on my obvious improvement in health, while I myself rapidly began to regain my old-time vigour and activity.

To-day I feel 10 years younger; I am now eager to get to business in the morning; walking is a pleasure again; all my old energy and self-confidence are almost completely restored; more important still, my neuritis has completely disappeared and only a very slight stiffness remains in the right shoulder, although I have regained the full use of my right arm.

I feel confident now that, if I continue treatment with Menthoids for a further two months, I will completely clean up the whole trouble as I am sleeping better than I have done for many years, and good sleep is a great panacea.

I cannot speak too highly of Menthoids, and if any man or woman in this city is suffering as I suffered until two months ago I now unhesitatingly recommend them to commence taking Menthoids without delay.

Wishing the Menthoids treatment the success it so richly merits,

Yours truly,

Managing Director.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

For the treatment of rheumatic aches and pains, kidney and bladder weaknesses, backache, sciatica, lumbago, dizziness, headaches, simple high blood pressure

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun moves into the sign of Aries this week, bringing favorable conditions for Pisceans, Cancerians, and Scorpians until March 21.

After March 21 improvements are likely for Arians, Sagittarians, and Leilians, but Cancerians, Capricornians, and Librans should live cautiously, as trouble is easy to find after this date.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan ahead, for good weeks are coming. Meanwhile, make good use of March 13, 14 (after sunset), and 15 (to dusk).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be cautious on March 11 and 12, but 18 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) and 17 (evening) can prove helpful. March 13 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Beware worries and upsets this week, especially on March 13, 14, and 15. Keep to routine work.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Keep busy, and seek progress and gain. March 11 (midday and evening) very good. March 12 excellent, as usual, fully.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Good



"It would be you, Murphy—first in the street with a mother-and-daughter outfit!"

weeks come soon, so plan for near future. March 11 and 12 poor, 13 (to 6 p.m.) and 14 (early) helpful; 15 adverse.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Beware losses, partings, and disappointments, especially on March 13, 14, and 15. Routine tasks strongly advised on these days.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 23): Get important matters finalised before March 21. March 12 very good; 13 and 18 (except dusk) quite fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22): Seek progress and gains now, and don't waste any opportunities. March 11 (to 4 p.m.), 12 and 18 (to 6 p.m.) all excellent.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): A strange week; difficulties predominate if you are slow, but opportunities also come your way. March 12 good, 13 and 14 very tricky.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): A good week for minor matters. March 12 very good; 13 (dawn only), 14 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), and 17 (late) all helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Mild trouble likely on March 11, and lucky conditions on 12, 13, and 14. March 15 (evening) pleasant and lucky fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Seek progress, gains this week, and make the most of opportunities. March 11 (to 4 p.m.) and 12 excellent; 13, 14, and 15 poor. March 16 (to 6 p.m.) to 6 p.m. fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.J.

Your Coupons

TEA: 1-16 (2-8 expire March 26).
SUGAR: 21-4 (cumulative).
BUTTER: 10-12 (expire March 30).
MEAT: Black 22-25 (26-28 available March 13); green, 26 and 27 (29 and 31 available March 17).
CLOTHING: 227-112 (expire June 30, 1947, 1-36 percent).



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are staying

at a mountain resort. A beautiful girl named

MARSHA DALE: Who is attempting to climb

Glass Mountain, has disappeared, and there

is no sign of her or her guide. The mountain,

so the hotel manager says, is haunted by a

giant bear which permits no one to reach

the summit. Mandrake and Lothar set out

to find Marsha. On the icy slopes Lothar

slips, dragging Mandrake to the brink of a

crevasse. Using his pick hammer, Lothar

manages to pull Mandrake to safety. As they

climb again, Lothar says he is frightened of

the ghost bear. Mandrake denies that there

is any such thing. They do not see a bear

following them. NOW READ ON:

ON GLASS MOUNTAIN, AS
MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR
SEARCH FOR THE MISSING
MARSHA AND HER GUIDE.



ME NO MIND
CLIMBING ON
ICE, BUT NO
LIKE GHOST
BEAR STUFF.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT
THE GHOST BEAR, LOTHAR.
IT'S JUST SUPERSTITION.
LOOK OUT!



WHEW--JUST
MISSED!

WONDER WHERE THAT CAME
FROM? REMEMBER--JUST
BEFORE MARSHA VANISHED,
SHE WAS ALMOST HIT
BY A HUGE ICICLE
--JUST LIKE THAT!



AN ICICLE, ALL RIGHT. NEVER
SAW SUCH A BIG ONE. IT'S
LARGE ENOUGH TO
KILL AN ELEPHANT!

SUDDENLY, LOTHAR SEES
SOMETHING! HIS
BLOOD FREEZES--!



TERRIFIED, LOTHAR BOLTS
AWAY! MANDRAKE, DRAGGED
ALONG WITH HIM, IS KNOCKED
UNCONSCIOUS AGAINST THE ICE!



GHOST--
BEAR--

LOTHAR TURNS TO FACE THE
APPARITION, DOWNING HIS
OWN FEARS TO PROTECT HIS
HELPLESS MASTER ---



BEFORE LOTHAR CAN
MAKE A MOVE, HE IS
GRIPPED IN GIANT,
CRUSHING ARMS---



TO BE CONTINUED



"What! RINSO for me!
Of course I'll have dinner with you!"

All women fall for
**RINSO'S THICKER,
RICHER SUDS**
because they end all rubbing

I USE RINSO'S
THICKER, RICHER SUDS
TO GET LINENS SPARKLING
CLEAN INSTEAD OF
RUBBING WITH
OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS

I'M THRILLED BECAUSE
NO RUBBING MEANS
CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER.
RINSO SAVES WORK AND
TIME IN EVERY WAY

YOU SHOULD SEE
MY SPARKLING WHITES
AND GAY COLOURED!
AND, DON'T FORGET,
RINSO'S WONDERFUL
FOR WASHING-UP TOO...
DISSOLVES GREASE IN
A JIFFY!

Rinso
GIVES THICKER
RICHER SUDS



The NEWSHOUND

WHAT next? A man came into Australia's Amateur Hour office the other day to be auditioned for his act. Said the man: "I throw boomerangs!" Replied talent-scout Claude Holland: "But boomerangs can't go over the air!" "Aw," argued the not-so-shy guy. "Dick Fair could describe it... it'd be a hit!" SURE! HIT WHO?

My aunt says that what modern marriages need is fewer eternal triangles and more towelling squares!

And speaking of THEM reminds me that my favourite radio actor has the dandiest name for his baby daughter... calls her his safety-pin-up-girl!

Overheard outside a radio studio: Comedian: What do they mean by something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue? Sponsor: Your act, brother.

Did you hear about the dizzy teenager who was actually heard saying that she thought "getting fresh" meant having a bath with Lifebuoy?

Fashion paragraph says: "Hate this year sit well back on your heads, ladies!" Most husbands will lie limply on the back of THEIRS when they see the price tags.

They tell me "Surprise Party" will be the surprise packet of radio when it hits the air next week. The idea is great. Harry Dearth—one of radio's wonder-men—goes to a private party with a gang of ace entertainers and joins in with mirth—music—everything! Anyone throwing a party may invite the gang along. It's a weekly half-hour feature on your favourite station—and Harry's one chap who doesn't have to ask me to listen...

It's a fact that real Panama hats are woven under water. So that's what those little blokes in rubber suits and lead boots do!

Transport isn't what it used to be! A travel-goods salesman writes: "A stout lady asked for a suitcase the other day, so I got down half a dozen. She sat on every one, then said: 'I'll take this one—it's nice and comfy. I'm planning a 200-mile trip on Saturday!'"

Hear about the ham actor who received a packet of Rinso from his agent? Attached was a note which read: "Brother, you're all washed up!"

My grandma says that when a 1947 miss turns the other cheek, she rouges THAT, too!

Bye now

Woof

IN-LAWS CAN AGREE!



I'M SO EXCITED VERA. MY BROTHER AND HIS WIFE ARE ARRIVING TOMORROW—INTERSTATE TRANSFER

GOODNESS JESSIE THEY'LL HAVE A TIME GETTING A FLAT!

OH THEY'LL LIVE HERE, I HOPE... I'VE OCEANS OF ROOM

WE-E-LL IT MIGHT WORK OUT!

NEXT EVENING...

THANKS FOR OFFERING US A HOME JESSIE. WE'LL...ER... SLEEP ON IT!

GUESS THIS LIVING WITH JESSIE IS OFF, PET

IT'S A SHAME! YOU MEAN...B.O.? SEEMS EVEN THE NICEST PEOPLE AREN'T SAFE WITHOUT LIFEBOUY

GOING SO SOON? DO LET ME MAKE SOME TEA FIRST...

B.O.—BUT NEVER AGAIN! I'LL ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY AFTER THIS

The hotter the weather the more you need Lifebuoy

ON HOT SUMMER DAYS YOU PERSPIRE MORE FREELY. THAT'S WHY YOU NEED LIFEBOUY MORE THAN EVER. WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT, LIFEBOUY GIVES LASTING AND ALL-OVER PROTECTION AGAINST "B.O."

I'LL BET YOU COULDN'T DO WITHOUT YOUR TWO "LODGERS" NOW JESSIE, EH?

THINKS... BLESS THEM! AND TO THINK THAT IF IT WEREN'T FOR LIFEBOUY I'D STILL BE LIVING ALL BY MYSELF

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

LIFEBOUY
HEALTH SOAP

NEW and fascinating side-show at the Royal Agricultural Show in Sydney this Easter will be "The Model City," life work of ex-railway employee 86-year-old Mr. Charles Battersby, of Murgon, Queensland.

Occupying an area of 60 square feet, it is a wooden model with hundreds of miniature figures depicting the various activities of city life.

With the pressing of an electric switch the city comes to life. Men and women bustle in and out of shops, bricklayers go to work on a building, children ride a merry-go-round in one section of a park, while a fisherman lands a trout from a running stream. A constable, with mouth moving, reprimands a drunk.

Equally ingenious are the other working model exhibits on show with the Model City.

They include a gold-mining town and a convict settlement where black men, with troopers in full chase, and other troopers counting the prisoners.

Says the electrician, Vic Chapman: "I'm flat out keeping the intricate mechanism in action. I should hate to have had Battersby's job of designing it."

AN Adelaide woman took her husband with her on a shopping expedition. While trying to decide which dress-pona she'd have she missed him. He had quietly escaped to his car. As she searched all over the underwear department for him, an assistant approached her.

"If you're looking for your husband, Madam," said the assistant, "there's one who just got lost in the corsets who might be yours."

WORTH Reporting

Maryland cooking

IN Baltimore, U.S.A., they're making sure there won't be any broken marriages through husbands complaining of their wives' cooking, according to a newspaper cutting we received recently.

War brides from five countries, including Australia, are attending lessons at the International Centre to learn how to cook dishes "the Maryland way."

Course covers the preparation of various American fruits, vegetables, meats, salads, and desserts, with the accent on economy dishes.

Australian brides taking the course are Mrs. Alton W. Pressley (formerly Signa Powell) and Mrs. John Gamble (both from Sydney) and Mrs. George M. Clarke, jun., of Perth.

"They did not find as much difficulty with culinary terms as some of the other brides, particularly those from Egypt and Mexico."

But it looks as though most of their cooking met with satisfaction anyway. Only one bride said she had come along to the cooking classes at her husband's suggestion.

U.S. scholarships

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., is again offering scholarships for foreign women, a practice suspended during the war.

University women graduates' organisations in Australia have been

Animal Antics



"You big bully! Pick on somebody your own size!"

advised that five resident graduate scholarships are available, covering expenses of tuition, room, and board. Applications have to be in by April 15.

Secretary of the Australian Federation of University Women, Miss Howie, says that none of these scholarships in the past has been won by an Australian.

Best sellers

IF you're thinking of writing a best seller, it needn't necessarily be a "Forever Amber."

In "Fifty Years of Best Sellers," a history of best sellers in America from 1885 to 1945, Alice Payne Hackett notes that Income Tax Guides have had a boom in recent years.

In 1942-43 one author's tax guide, priced at a dollar, sold two and a half million copies. The total number of tax guides by various authors sold in the same two years was six million.

Some other points of interest from the book:

Highest total sales over the past 50 years (exclusive of the Bible and classics on which copyright has expired) belong to "In His Steps," by Charles Monroe Sheldon, published 1897, which has sold eight million to date.

It is followed by "Message to Garcia" (1898), with four million, still going strong.

Third place belongs to "Gone With the Wind," which raced to three and a half million since 1936.

Winston Churchill made the top of the best-seller list with five novels on five occasions between 1901 and 1913.

Erle Stanley Gardner, the detective fiction writer, is the only author in America whose life is insured by his publisher.

Clean bills

LEONARD WARE, a 50-year-old London Transport Board official, is a rubber-out of moustaches.

He cleans up the work of hundreds of people who scribble comments or add whiskers to the advertisement posters in London's Tube system.

His main objectives are, lipstick and dentifrice ads, usually decorated with "siffa" and blacked-out teeth.

His brows are raised in constant surprise at the quirks of those who make beautiful women pipe-smokers and draw rakish cigarettes hanging from babies' mouths.

"Pencils, chalks, ink, crayons, and even lipstick are used by the amateur artists," sighed Mr. Ware. "Sometimes I have to give the entire poster a shampoo with warm, soapy water."

"But I find the dabbers and pickers just as annoying as the scribbles. Dabbers are the fellows who kick the bottom of posters and leave boot polish on them, and pickers are usually children who feel they must tear off the corners."

Underground stations that serve the large schools claim most of Mr. Ware's attention. Their boardings are distinguished by apt but uncomplimentary remarks betraying, he says philosophically, "a child's eternal irreverence."

PEGGY O'BRIEN, of Randwick, married recently at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, didn't change her name. Husband was Charles O'Brien, of Clair Vale, Carramang, via Goulburn, N.S.W. They were not related. Bride's mother's maiden name was also O'Brien!

Continuing... The Singing Stars

from page 3

I LAUGHED, too. I couldn't help it. She was so exactly like a kid trying to be clever. But my laughter had a bad effect upon Tamara. If her little body was trained to whipcord strength and subtlety she certainly was not trained in Selena's British art of disguising her feelings. The color rushed to her pretty face and enormous tears filled her eyes, and she literally shook with anger.

"There! You see! I try, and you laugh. You either laugh or are afraid to speak to me. So I don't try. No, I don't try to be ordinary any more. I am odd, and I will stay odd..." and she sprang from the old armchair and began to rush toward the cluster of rainbow-colored appliances dancing with the boys at the other end of the room.

I saw Spike move forward and see in attitude of him in a way that surprised me.

"Tamara, please listen. I didn't laugh at you... not the way you thought. Don't you see you are so different... so lovely. Like a little bit of illusion, and when you said that, it was so..." I put my arm round her and drew her among the dancers.

I couldn't explain how sweetly funny it had been, but the anger went from her eyes, and she listened, her ear level with the wings on my tunic; and then she stopped dancing.

Then she said: "It is the costume, and the make-up. I will go and change. Then I will be quite, quite ordinary, and you will like me."

We went across to the hut they had used as a dressing-room. After a while she came out again, in a little black number, with great chunky gold and topaz earrings, a sort of choker necklace to match.

A swinging, dark fur coat, very good and expensive, and a sort of Cosmack hat which she wore tilted upon her long, smooth bob. She was more beautiful, more unusual, and more exotic than ever. She looked at me anxiously.

"More ordinary?" she asked earnestly.

I did not laugh. I said, "Ordinary as—as a frying-pan, Tamara." "And in the darkness behind the hut I forgot what a great, tall, dumb idiot I was with girls, and picked her up in my arms and kissed her."

That was how it all started, and it went on pretty sweetly for a while. Life went on much as usual, Raddy and Selena and I on our threesome, except when I got any leave at all, and then I was off to London—insisted on my spending some part of my long leave at home. I would stay at an hotel, and we would go out together when she wasn't rehearsing, which was not very often.

I would go to every performance of the ballet that she danced in, and after the show I would take her home. She and Raddy had a flat on the top floor of an old house near Marx's Arch.

Tamara used to cook up food different to any food I ever tasted, and brew delicious coffee, and we would sit on the carpet in front of the fire and picnic, and play the gramophone until after midnight. It was when I asked her to marry me that the snags began to crop up. She looked at me out of the corner of her eyes and said: "But, Johnny, do you think I'm the right person for you? Do you think I should make you the sort of wife your mother expects?"

I couldn't tell her my mother ex-

pected me to marry Selena or someone exactly like her, so I took her little head between my hands and said: "Look, when ordinary people love each other as much as we do, the obvious thing to do is to get married. And the right, ordinary, average thing for us to do is for you to come down home with me on my next leave and meet my mother."

I was surprised to find her trembling.

"Oh, Johnny, you tease me all the while. I am so afraid your mother will not like me. I do not like horses and pigs and cows, and I would be no good on a farm. She will say, 'She is no good for my Johnny! I know it!'"

She looked small and lost and I could not bear to see her looking so scared.

"Listen," I said, "I'm not going to be a farmer. I'm going to be a consulting engineer, and live in London, and if my mother doesn't love you she's not the woman I thought she was, but in any case you are going to marry me, not my mother, so will you come?"

She finally agreed and it was settled.

Raddy did not realise we, Tamara and I, were anything but friends, and I must admit I was a bit of a shock to him when I told him. He did not like the idea, although he liked me. He did not say anything, but I knew he thought I was the wrong type for Tamara. But, anyway, we fixed it up, and Selena managed to get her leave at the same time, and I wrote to my mother and told her to expect us.

Now we come to this business of expressing your feelings. With

Tamara I could remember all the poetry I had ever read, and say things I never dreamed I could say, and it all seemed perfect and right and wonderful. But with my mother and brother I couldn't. If I had said half the things in my heart I should have felt an idiot, and they would have been embarrassed.

Besides, I relied on their intuition and expected them to know how I felt when I said, "I'm bringing some friends down, mother, and I want you to like them..." at least I hope you will. They are dancers."

My brother Bill, who is a large bloke in breeches and leggings, took his pipe out of his mouth and said, "Dancers, eh?" with a bright, interested air, as though I had suggested bringing a couple of polar bears, which made me rather angry.

"Why not? It's just as interesting to be a dancer as anything else. Anyway, Radgewick is a first-class navigator."

Bill brightened up. "On one of your crew," he said.

"Yes, but he's still a dancer," I insisted. "So is his sister."

My mother said in her calm voice, "Well, we have always liked your friends, and you know we'll be glad to have them, Johnny," which made me feel as though I had been hot and bothered about nothing, although I realised afterwards that Tamara's way in these matters is by far the best, and I should have said, "It's the girl I'm going to marry, and her brother."

But I was used to them understanding, and I had never troubled to go into mother's views on this sort of thing.

I knew she had always thought I would marry Selena, but it never occurred to me that she had banked on it as much as she did on the

fact that the sun would rise every morning. It was not until afterwards that I knew about this, and that I had quite failed to make her understand that Tamara was the one.

Anyway they came down on the second day of my leave, and Selena and I went to meet them at the station. My heart was thumping like a steamhammer, and I felt like an idiot on my first operational flight. I was praying that Tamara would like everyone and be happy.

The little short train came puffing in, and they got out. Raddy in a huge coat with a fur collar, and Tamara in a heavenly tweed suit, the golden color of beech leaves in the autumn. I saw her glance worriedly at Selena's very conventional fawn tweed and her lips twisted anxiously. Then we were talking and laughing and climbing into the dog-cart to go home.

I need not have worried whether mother and Bill would like them. They both reacted exactly like Selena had... they were completely fascinated. Tamara and Raddy were to them like people from another world. Whether Raddy was describing his ballet triumphs or giving them exciting and often wildly untrue accounts of our exploits over Germany, he held them speechless.

Raddy had no inhibitions about shooting a line, and by the time he had finished he had my people glowing and swelling with pride, and we were the greatest crew and I was the greatest pilot in the whole R.A.F.—and was my face red!

I was worried about Tamara. It was not like mother and Bill did not like her, because they obviously thought she was as wonderful as I did. But they did tend to treat her like a child or an exotic kind of royalty who had descended upon them. Mother would not let her help in the kitchen, although it was always taken for granted that Selena should help.

"You'll spoil your hands," she would say. "They're so pretty," or "You don't want to dirty that lovely dress..."

Bill would worry if she got into the farmyard in case she should get her shoes wet or be frightened by a cow or chased by the geese, and I must admit she did look rather like a frail and exquisite flower among our large, slow-speaking community.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By Wep

The Australian Women's Weekly—March 15, 1947

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First Australian Duchess



DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER with their elder son when they visited America before the war as Viscount and Viscountess Mandeville.

Husband's ancient title makes her mistress of three castles

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London office

The first Australian woman to become a duchess is a beautiful former Melbourne socialite, Nell Vere Stead, whose husband, Navy Commander Viscount Mandeville, O.B.E., has succeeded to the title of Duke of Manchester.

Slim, with red-gold hair and a lovely smile, Australia's Duchess of Manchester will be mistress of three of Britain's finest old castles.

THEY are the 350-roomed Kimbolton Castle, a glorious 15th century home set in acres of rolling green Huntingdonshire woodlands, Connemara Castle in County Galway, Ulster, and the palatial Tandaragee Castle, built on the site of an ancient Irish fort in County Armagh.

In addition to these castles and their Kenya estate, the Manchesters own Brampton Park in Huntingdonshire, a town house in Park Place, London, and 6000 acres of virgin forest in Canada.

It has become a tradition of the Manchesters, whose line traces back to the ancient Norman family of Montagu, to marry a girl from overseas.

The new duke's grandmother was a wealthy Cuban; his mother, Helena, the daughter of an American railroad king, Eugene Zimmerman; and his wife is Australian.

The Duchess and her handsome sport-loving husband plan to divide their time between Kimbolton Castle, which the present duke had modernised at a cost of £14,000 just before the war, and their 10,000-acre wheat and cattle estate in Kenya.

The Duchess is at present at the Kenya estate with their two sons, Viscount Mandeville, who was 18 last month, and nine-year-old Lord Kimbolton.

The elder boy, Sidney Arthur Robin George Drogo ("Kim"), is learning farming on the cool Kenya uplands and the younger, Angus Charles Drogo, has a private tutor.

Their Australian mother confessed with a laugh that meeting with the Duke of Manchester in Colombo, where she went on a holiday cruise in 1926, was romantic and "in fact, rather like a novel."

"We met in a swimming-pool," she said. "I just bumped into him!"

"He was a naval lieutenant off H.M.S. Cairo."

A car accident on their way to Kimbolton village church nearly prevented their wedding, but despite

cuts and bruises the young bride from Australia won the hearts of the villagers, who had hung flags out of their cottages to welcome her, by insisting she was well enough to continue with the ceremony.

She limped to the altar with her injured legs wrapped in bandages.

Their honeymoon, delayed because her sailor-husband had to rejoin his ship, was later spent at their 200-roomed Tandaragee Castle.

Later, as Viscount and Lady Man-

RECENT PORTRAIT of the Duchess, formerly Nell Vere Stead, of Melbourne.

deville, they went on a world tour and visited Australia in 1933.

The vivacious personality of the new Duchess of Manchester was well known to the gay Mayfair set and London cafe society of the early 'thirties, and gossip writers referred to her constantly as "the Viscount's pretty Australian wife."

The Duke, who came to England when his father became ill, told me this morning, "My wife and I are looking forward to going out to Australia again as soon as possible to revisit our old friends and particularly my wife's sisters in Melbourne."

One of the Duchess' sisters, formerly Erin Vere Stead, is Mrs. John Grimwade, of Toorak, daughter-in-law of Major-General H. W. Grimwade.

Another sister is Mrs. J. B. Somerset, also of Melbourne.

The Duchess was born in the Sydney home of her maternal grand-

house, Elgin, which is still a landmark in Orrong Road, Toorak, Melbourne, although most of the land has been subdivided.

As a small child, she went with her sisters to school for a few months at Lauriston near her home, but later she went to Clyde at Wood-end.

Nell Stead did not go away from Australia until, saddened by the death of their mother, she and her sister Erin went to Colombo for a trip.

That was when Nell met Viscount Mandeville. Her father opposed a hasty engagement, and the sisters returned to Australia.

Eight months later, they sailed for a trip to England. The young Viscount Mandeville, who was serving in H.M.S. Hood, was also in England at that time. The young couple became engaged and a week later married.

Youthfully handsome at 44, the

mother, the late Mrs. Samuel Dickinson. She was brought up with her sisters Erin and Pen and brother David in a lovely old mansion

ON HIS ESTATE in Huntingdonshire. The Duke photographed while on a partridge shoot.

High precedence

THE Australian Duchess is now entitled to a very high precedence as the wife of one of the 26 highest peers in the realm.

Dukes come next in order of precedence to the Royal Dukes and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Of the 36 dukedoms still extant in the United Kingdom, the dukedom of Manchester ranks nineteenth, after Norfolk, Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Beaufort, St. Albans, Leeds, Bedford, Devonshire, Marlborough, Rutland, Hamilton, Buccleuch, Argyll, Atholl, Montrose, Roxburghe, and Portland in that order.

10th Duke of Manchester, Alexander George Francis Drogo Montagu, is blond, well built, a good shot, a fine Rugby player.

A godson of the late Queen Alexandra, he earned the O.B.E. in the 1940 evacuation of Le Havre for "remarkable courage and enterprise when his ship was hit by a bomb."

The facts about blood transfusion

A LETTER from "Donor" (15/2/47) complained that a friend of hers had been debited with £8/8/- on her doctor's bill as the cost of a transfusion. This letter may do great harm to the Transfusion Service.

The position is that donors of this service give their blood voluntarily, and the Red Cross Society bears all the expense of enrolment and record of donors, collection, storage and transport of blood, and the processing of serum. This service is costing the society approximately £20,000 in Victoria, and it is Australia-wide.

The administration of a transfusion is, however, purely a medical matter between the doctor and his patient, for which the doctor is entitled to his fee in the same way that he is for any medical work.

The entire procedure of a transfusion requires medical knowledge, to say when, at what rate, and how much blood should be given to a patient, and the introduction of the cannula into a vein in the ankle region is a minor surgical procedure. The doctor must also be on call during the whole transfusion.

The officers of the Blood Transfusion Service have the greatest admiration for blood donors. It is not our province to treat patients who are under the care of private

What's on your mind?

doctors, whether by transfusion or any other means. We are only concerned to see that blood is always available for any patient who may need it, and as in any of Red Cross activities, no charge is made for the part played by the society.—Lucy M. Bryce, B.Sc., M.B., B.S., FRACP.

5/- to Australian Red Cross Society, Victorian Division, Blood Transfusion Service, Parkville, N.2. Vic.

Schoolgirls stand up

WHEN grown-ups enter a tram and all the seats are taken up, some of them by schoolgirls, the girls usually offer their seats to their elders. What makes me so furious is the way the women don't take the seats offered them.

After a while the women round you tell you to sit down, as you are probably blocking the gangway. Someone suddenly notices that there are some women standing while schoolgirls are sitting down, so they immediately report this action to the headmistress, and the girls are reprimanded.

Surely the women in the trams could take the seats which the girls give up for them, or keep their views to themselves? The train conductors should make the women take the seats offered to them by the girls.

Another thing which annoys me is

when schoolgirls stand up for adults, and other children take the seats. 5/- to "Straphanger," St. Peters, S.A.

Waiting at the gate

WHY should not postmen be provided with books of stamps to sell to residents of the suburbs, who often have to go a mile to buy stamps?

People out of stamps would wait for the postman's whistle and meet him at the gate with the money. It would be a great help to the householder, and would reduce the stamp queues at the G.P.O.

5/- to George J. Birks, 182 Dorchester Terrace, Highgate Hill, Brisbane.

Incompetent secretaries

THE shortage of stenographers is often referred to, but I think the word "competent" has been omitted. The market appears to be flooded with incompetent junior and senior stenographers, and this has been brought about by lack of discipline and proper training during the war years. Quickness and accuracy are the main essentials for the stenographer, and it is a pity that many of the girls who are such "no-hopers" to-day do not realise this and do something about it.

Some girls think that once they leave the business college and get a position as a stenographer they do not have to practise their shorthand any more; but this is a great mistake. If they would only practise taking down and transcribing shorthand, or even by taking down the talks given over the air, they would be amazed at the improvement in their shorthand speed, and in their English.

A stenographer's world can be a very interesting one if she is competent. A good stenographer, whether young or old, will always be sure of a job in almost any part of the world. I have proved this myself.

5/- to Miss D. Jewell, Box K 836, G.P.O., Perth.



STANCH ON POINT. Shell has winded quail close at hand. Shooter will come up to dog. Stanchness on point wins high points in trials.

THE quail season opens soon and sportsmen will be out with their trained dogs again.

Gun dogs work in the field wholly by scent, sight playing no part. Hunting is a natural instinct, but only careful training develops the perfect co-ordination between dog and shooter shown in this picture series of Mr. Clyde Anderson, well-known gun dog authority, and his English Setter, Shell, or Mornington Prince.

The Gun Dog Society of Australia recognises these breeds of gun dogs: Pointers, Retrievers (Curly-coated, Flat-coated, Labrador, Golden), Setters (Gordon, English, Irish), Spaniels (Cocker, English, Springer, Clumber, Field, Irish Water, and Sussex).



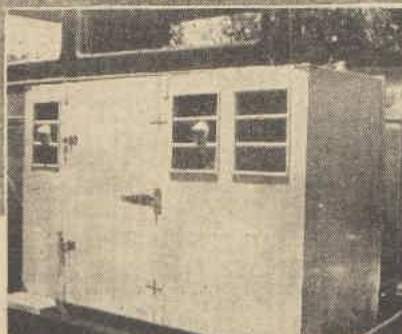
BIRD about to be flushed, or driven from ground. At rise of bird, dog will drop to ground. Pictures were taken in Canberra district.

Trained gun dogs work with sportsmen



ENGLISH SETTERS, Princess Alexandrine, undefeated field trial champion for four years, and son and daughter, Shell and Fur. Breed is among most bid-dable and reliable of gun dogs.

DOG CARRIER specially designed by Mr. Anderson. Back is canvas so that it fits into contour of car. Dogs breathe freely through slatted windows. (Right.)



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SAGACITY. Gun dogs never mouth birds (note head held away). In absence of master, instinct prompts Shell to stop wounded quail escaping.



SEEKING. In long grass, quail can be found only by dog. Tenacity in seeking is an essential characteristic of a really first-class gun dog.



MARKING DEAD BIRD. Once dog has marked dead bird, nothing should distract its attention until bird is picked up by shooter. Shell will drop to ground when bird is raised in hand.



DOWN CHARGE. When dead game is picked up, dog automatically goes to down charge, and relaxes until word is given to "Hi-on." Dog should drop entering field, or getting through fences.

DEAD QUAIL is put on skewer attached to game bag. Shell watches intently, waiting master's sign to be off. When the gun is out of action, the dog should be out of action, too. (Right.)



say much, but she watched rather anxiously, and I knew she was making a mental note of everything mother and Selena said and did and comparing it with the way she did things, and wondering if she would ever rise to their standard.

On the rare moments we were alone I tried to comfort her and explain that because her standards were different it was not to say they were not just as good. But it did not seem to console her, and she still evaded any direct discussion about our marriage.

Then on the last day of our leave Raddy and I went fishing. I could not quite get his sudden urge to fish. I knew he had never handled a rod in his life and never wanted to. I was quite at a loss to understand his insistence on the trip over to the river that afternoon.

Selena did not come with us. She was at home with her father that day, and Tamara elected to stay at home and talk to mother and help her with mending. She was musically good at any kind of needlework, and mother's praise seemed to comfort her a great deal. We left them sitting comfortably before the fire.

Raddy and I walked across the fields; then he stopped and turned to me.

He said, "Johnny, I have brought you here under a false pretence. It is not that I wish to fish, but that I wish to talk."

I said a bit irritably, "We could have talked at home."

"But I wanted to be quite alone," he said solemnly. He searched through his pockets and produced a newspaper dated about a week before, and handed it to me, pointing to a photograph and a smaller photograph beneath it. The photograph was of a dark-faced man, dominated by huge black eyes.

"Markovitch," said Raddy, as though he was speaking of some supernatural being. "Leon Markovitch."

"Well?" I asked blankly.

"Read—read . . . he is here in England. He is holding auditions, looking for talent. He is going to open a season here, and any one he engages will have the opportunity of going into his company permanently. I have secured an audition for Tamara."

"Oh, I see," I said slowly, "and what will this mean to her?"

"As a dancer—everything!" said Raddy gravely. He waved his elegant hands in the air. "What will she not learn? And if she has it in her, the opportunity . . . to compete with the best of her generation. . . . to dance the great roles. And Tamara has it in her. She has great talent. This is a heavenly opportunity for her. She must take it!"

I saw quite a lot of things now. The reason for the undercurrents and Tamara's strangeness and evasions. Oh, I didn't doubt that she was really in love with me, but she was Raddy's sister, and in love with her profession too. I knew what these things and people meant to her—it wasn't as though I were asking her to give up a job in an office, and I also knew that a marriage where I was working in London, and Tamara was dancing in Paris or the Argentine, would not be a very workable proposition.

Feeling stupid, because my lips were stiff, and because I knew I had gone quite white, I said: "Is she going to take it?"

"Well, that is up to you, Johnny. If Markovitch takes her, it means a long contract. It means touring the world, South America, France,

U.S.A., Australia. How can she do that and marry you? It would not be fair to either of you."

I told him I had already thought of that. "What does she want?" I said.

"Just at the moment, she is sure she only wants you and to be happy. But in a few years' time the war will be over, and there will be great opportunities for dancers, opportunities she will have missed. What will she think then? If you would just tell her, Johnny, that you would like her to take this audition—and then think about your marriage again . . ."

Of course, that was the only fair thing to do. I made a cast over the river, my mind in a sort of whirl, seeing Tamara turning down a great contract for love of me, or failing and coming to me for comfort, and realised how grateful I would be for just that, and how unutterably empty life could be when you had once tasted magic.

When we got home mother was getting supper, and Selena had arrived and was helping her. Tamara, they said, was up in her room. I went into the garden and threw a pebble up against her window, and she opened it and leaned out. Her face between its dark frame of hair was pale and mysterious in the twilight.

"Tamara . . ." I began, then stopped, and said, "What have you been doing?"

Her voice floated down from above, an impersonal little voice like a disembodied soul. "I have been having a long and interesting talk with your mother about local happenings, and I have mended your socks," she said.

Continued from page 17

"Tamara . . ." I plunged.

"No, Johnny!" her voice was suddenly sharp. "No. Do not talk about marrying any more. I know now it would be no good. It would not do. It would be lovely to start with—but afterwards . . . I am not the sort of person for you. I am not ordinary enough. We would regret it. Let us not talk about it any more."

So, I thought, she has decided already. It never occurred to me then that this was anything but her ambition making excuses to her heart. I felt numb and cold, and kind of scared, but relieved it had not fallen to me to make the break.

I said, "Raddy told me about the audition with Markovitch. I wish you all the luck in the world, Tamara."

"Oh, that," she said softly, wearily. "It will be interesting to work with him. He is a great artist."

I noticed that she did not seem to doubt for one moment that she would get the contract.

Everything went on very much the same when we went back to the drone, except somehow Raddy and I were not such pals. He was so uncannily like Tamara that I just could not stand it. I used to moan about my own, and I think he and Selena went round together.

On the week Tamara had her audition we were coming back from the Ruhr, when Raddy said in his funny voice, "Slipper, someone's knocking on the floor!" It was flak knocking holes in us.

I got the crate home all right, and we weren't much the worse for wear, except that Tully had a spot of straw in his leg, but the upshot was that we were all given a spot of leave while he was in hospital, and Raddy immediately got the idea that we should go up to town and see Tamara's audition.

I was a fool, or else I had been shaken up and did not like to admit it, because I could not resist going.

It was a heavenly spring day when I got there. Even bomb-shattered London had a carefree look, and the line was out in the parks, and girls were wearing silly new hats, and everything seemed happy, except the inside of me which was still full of misery.

Tamara opened the door, and her face lit up when she saw me. I said awkwardly, "We were on leave, and Raddy told me you had your audition to-day, so I came along to wish you luck." I did not tell her I was dying on my feet for just the sight of her.

She said, "Oh, that was nice of you, Johnny—I have been worried about you all this time. Ivor isn't in yet. Come in."

I went in, and there ready to put in the taxi was the stiff, white taxi of fresh tarlatan on its little satin bodice, and her small satin shoes, and her tight, and make-up box, and little ruffy pants, and a wreath for her hair.

We stood and looked at them in silence, both of us remembering the gay evenings we had together, and all the warmth and tenderness, and she said with a sob, "Oh, Johnny!" as though she could not bear it. So I put my arms round her quickly and held her close and sweet, and told her she was the best dancer in the world, and this Markovitch bloke would be a loony if he didn't snap her up, and presently she stood away from me pressing her hands over her eyes.

We heard Raddy's key in the lock, and he came in with Selena, looking just like the cat that stole the cream.

"I have wonderful news," he said. "Again?" I said grimly.

"Selena and I are going to be married," he announced importantly.

I was speechless—but Tamara certainly was not. She seemed to break into little pieces, and explode into stars of sheer temper.

her words on the table, and her heels emphasised them on the floor, and her black eyes flashed, and she looked wonderful.

"How is this?" she cried. "I have been made a fool of. I have been led up the garden path? All one afternoon I sat with Johnny's mother and she tells me that he has promised to marry Selena, that it has always been planned?"

Raddy went white with anger. "How can Selena marry Johnny? It would be dull. They are so alike—they have everything the other could give. But me—that is different. I have temperament. I'm an artist. I need Selena, who is so capable and calm, to look after me, to help me."

"You?" shrieked Tamara. "What about me? Have I not temperament, too?"

"You are too young for marriage. You will be a great dancer and tour the world and forget about this foolishness . . . you will see all there is to see."

"Yes," jibed Tamara. "Boss station, hotel, theatre—that's what I shall see. And when I am over thirty, terrified of every pretty dancer who shows talent . . . no babies, and no Johnny. No, thank you. I may not look ordinary, but I am very ordinary inside. I don't want anything at all but Johnny."

Then I was kissing her, and telling her I would murder both Raddy and Markovitch, and Raddy took three queer pictures off the wall and smashed them one after the other in the fireplace, and then talked soothingly about it being bad for him to lose his temper.

I took Tamara to the audition and she danced divinely, but Markovitch did not engage her. He patted her head, and laughed at me and said that it was a pity her heart was in the clouds and not in her feet, because she was a wonderful dancer.

That's about all there is to say, except that Raddy and Selena were married, and shortly afterwards he developed eye strain that worked his ticket, although he tried and did as hard as he could to stay with us. He didn't seem to think the R.A.F. could possibly function without him.

Anyway, he's dancing again now—I suppose being almost born on the stage gives you a sixth sense because watching him, you'd never know he can only see as far as the wings with difficulty. Selena has him under one of those super eye medicines, who says that his sight will gradually recover; but anyway he's dancing, with pictures of himself all over the theatre, and flocks of flappers hanging round the stage-door for a glimpse or word.

Selena's father was a bit shaken, but when he realised how determined she was, and how much Raddy earned, he began to think there was something in all this art.

Tamara and I are married, too, and now we are going to have a family. Tamara thinks this is about the most ordinary thing she can do. She still tries terribly hard to be exactly like everyone else, but in spite of all her efforts the curtains are magenta and pink, and the fond tastes of garlic and spice.

Sometimes in a fit of particular conventionality she will dance on the table for me; and she always dances in my heart.

I feel like the man in the ballet who married a fairy, and whose happiness was not of this earth, but something beyond mortal men and whose joy was the joy of the singing stars.

(Copyright)

WE'VE GOT THAT PERSIL DAZZLE!

It's Persil's oxygen that puts the Persil DAZZLE in ALL your wash

Dad has it
Yes! Pop's shirt has Persil dazzle PLUS! Makes old "Mr. Dirty-White" look dull as yesterday's news! Persil's gentle oxygen-charged suds give the whitest wash because they get out ALL the dirt!

Mum has it
Chirps this dazzle-happy housewife: "Persil takes the frazzle out of washdays . . . puts in the dazzle." Persil's the best news for women since short skirts.

Sis has it
Tess collects playtime grime like other kids collect foreign stamps. But Mum doesn't worry. She soon puts the Persil dazzle in that pert little print. Yes, Persil scotches school- and playground-dirt quicker than a wink!

YOU TOO CAN HAVE THAT PERSIL DAZZLE!

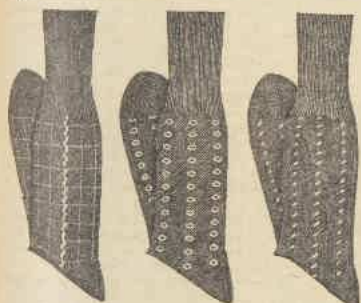
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WOOL for good looks **plus** comfort

You'll get more satisfaction, more wear out of a wool dressing gown. Available in as many colours and styles and patterns as you can think of, you'll discover there's room in your wardrobe for two—a lightweight for summer and an anti-freeze of blanket cloth for mornings when Jack Frost is about.

wool socks



Dashing designs, a wide range of smart colours and the fact that they help to keep you free of foot troubles is good reason for you to go feel first into wool socks.

• wool slippers, too!



So nice to come home to are the latest wool slippers. Those illustrated are wool through and through—uppers, wedge heel (which makes for added comfort), even the sole is of wool felt. And the felt has been processed to take lots of wearing.

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Fashion PATTERNS

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F4585



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834

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Patterns may be obtained at our offices or by post.

INSPECTOR

Japp rang up the following afternoon. His voice held a curious note. "Poitrot, do you want to hear a piece of news? It's off, my boy. OFF. Call it a day! Sit down and twiddle our thumbs!"

Poitrot was startled. "What is off?"

"The whole blinking thing! The hue and cry! The publicity! The whole bag of tricks!"

"But I still do not understand."

"Well, listen. Listen carefully, because I can't mention names. You know our inquiry? You know we're missing the country for a performing fish?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly. I comprehend now."

"Well, that's been called off. Blinded up—kept mum. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, yes. But why?"

"Orders from the Foreign Office." "Is that not very extraordinary?"

"Well, it does happen now and again."

"Why should they be so forbearing to Miss— to the performing fish?"

"They're not. They don't care a fig about her. It's the publicity—she's brought to trial too much might come out about Mrs. A. C. The corpse. That's the husband's side! I can only suppose that the husband—Mr. A. C.—Get me!"

"Yes, yes."

"That he's somewhere abroad in a hidden spot and they don't want to quiet his pitch."

"Tchah!"

"What did you say?"

"I made, my friend, an exclamation of annoyance!"

"Oh! that was it. I thought you'd caught cold. Annoyance is right! I could use a stronger word. Letting that dame get away with it makes me see red."

"She will not get away with it," Poitrot said softly.

"Our hands are tied, I tell you!"

"Yours may be—mine are not!"

"Good old Poitrot! Then you are going on with it?"

"To the death," Poitrot declared dramatically, and rang off.

He was still pondering over the whole matter when an unexpected letter came. It was typewritten, except for the signature.

"Dear M. Poitrot" (it ran).

"I should be greatly obliged if you would call upon me some time tomorrow. I may have a commission for you. I suggest twelve-thirty, at my house in Chelsea. If this is inconvenient to you, perhaps you would telephone and arrange some other time with my secretary? I apologise for giving you such short notice."

"Yours sincerely,"

"ALISTAIR BLUNT."

Poitrot smoothed out the letter and had it a second time. At that moment the telephone rang.

Hercule Poitrot occasionally indulged in the fancy that he knew by the ring of his telephone bell what kind of message was impending. On this occasion he was at once quite sure that the call was significant. It was not a wrong number—not one of his friends.

He lifted the receiver.

There was a pause, a click, and then a woman's voice spoke.

"M. Hercule Poitrot?"

"Yes."

"M. Poitrot, you have either already received—or will shortly receive—a letter."

"Who is speaking?"

"It is not necessary that you should know."

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 4—

"Very well, I have received. Madame, eight letters and three bills by the evening post."

"Then you know which letter I mean. You will be wise, M. Poitrot, to refuse the commission you have been offered."

"That, Madame, is a matter I shall decide myself."

"I am warning you, M. Poitrot," the voice said coldly. "Your interference will no longer be tolerated. Keep out of this business."

"And if I do not keep out of it?"

"Then we shall take steps to see that your interference is no longer to be feared."

"That is a threat, Madame!"

"We are only asking you to be sensible. It is for your own good."

"You are very magnanimous!"

"You cannot alter the course of events and what has been arranged. So keep out of what doesn't concern you! Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand. But I consider that Mr. Morley's death is my concern."

"Morley's death was only an incident," the voice said sharply. "He interfered with our plans."

"He was a human being, Madame, and he died before his time."

"He was of no importance."

Poitrot's voice was dangerous as he said very quietly: "There you are wrong..."

"It was his own fault. He refused to be sensible."

"I, too, refuse to be sensible."

"Then you are a fool."

There was a click at the other end as the receiver was replaced.

Poitrot put down his receiver in turn. He did not trouble to ask the Exchange to trace the number. He was fairly sure that the call had been put through from a public telephone box.

What intrigued and puzzled him was the fact that he thought he had heard the voice somewhere before. He racked his brains, trying to bring the elusive memory back. Could it be the voice of Miss Sainsbury Seale?

As he remembered it, Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's voice had been high-pitched and somewhat affected, with rather over-emphasised diction.

This voice was not at all like that, and yet—perhaps it might be Miss Sainsbury Seale with her voice disguised. After all, she had been an actress in her time. She could alter her voice, probably, easily enough. In actual timbre, the voice was not unlike what he remembered.

But he was not satisfied with that explanation. No, it was some other person that the voice brought back to him. It was not a voice he knew well—but he was still quite sure that he had heard it once, if not twice, before.

Why, he wondered, bother to ring up and threaten him? Could these people actually believe that threats would deter him? Apparently they did. It was poor psychology!

There was some sensational news in the morning papers. The Prime Minister had been shot at when leaving 10 Downing Street with a friend yesterday evening. Fortunately the bullet had gone wide. The man, an Indian, had been taken into custody.

After reading this, Poitrot took a taxi to Scotland Yard, where he was shown up to Japp's room. The latter greeted him heartily.

"Ah, so the news has brought you along. Have any of the papers mentioned who 'the friend' was with the P.M.?"

"No, who was it?"

"Alistair Blunt."

"Really?"

"And," went on Japp, "we've every reason to believe that the bullet was meant for Blunt and not for the P.M. That is, unless the man was an even more thundering bad shot than he is already!"

"Who did it?"

"Some crazy Hindu student. Half baked, as usual. But he was put up to it. It wasn't all his own idea."

He frowned.

"Quite a sound bit of work getting him. There's usually a small group of people, you know, watching No. 10. When the shot was fired, a young American grabbed hold of a little man with a beard. Held on to him like grim death and yelled to the police that he'd got the man. Meanwhile, the Indian was quietly

hooking it—but one of our people nabbed him all right."

"Who was the American?" asked Poitrot curiously.

"Young fellow of the name of Raikes. Why—?" He stopped short, staring at Poitrot. "What's the matter?"

"Howard Raikes, staying at the Holborn Palace Hotel?" Poitrot asked.

"That's right. Who—why, of course! I thought the name seemed familiar. He's the patient who ran away that morning when Morley shot himself..." He paused, then went on slowly, "Rum—how that old business keeps cropping up. You've still got your ideas about it, haven't you, Poitrot?"

"Yes, I still have my ideas," Hercule Poitrot replied gravely.

He took leave of Japp, and made his way to Alistair Blunt's residence. There, he was received by a secretary, a tall, limp young man with an accomplished social manner. He was pleasantly apologetic.

"I am so sorry, M. Poitrot—and so is Mr. Blunt. He has been called to Downing Street. The result of this—er—incident last night. I rang your flat, but unfortunately you had already left."

He went on rapidly, "Mr. Blunt commissioned me to ask you if it would be possible for you to spend the week-end with him at his house in Kent, Exsham, you know. If so, he would call for you in the car tomorrow evening."

Poitrot hesitated.

"Mr. Blunt is really most anxious to see you," the young man said persuasively.

Hercule Poitrot bowed his head.

"Thank you. I accept."

"Oh, that's splendid. Mr. Blunt will be delighted. If he calls for you about a quarter to six, will that

—Oh, good morning, Mrs. Olivera—"

Jane Olivera's mother had just entered. She was very smartly dressed, with a hat clinging to an eyebrow in the midst of a very soignée coiffure.

"Oh! Mr. Selby, did Mr. Blunt give you any instructions about those garden chairs? I meant to talk to him about them last night, because I knew we'd be going down this week-end—and—"

Mrs. Olivera took in Poitrot and paused.

"Do you know Mrs. Olivera, M. Poitrot?"

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting Madame."

Poitrot bowed.

"Oh? How do you do," Mrs. Olivera said vaguely. "Of course, Mr. Selby, I know that Alistair is a very busy man and that these small domestic matters mayn't seem to him important—"

"It's quite all right, Mrs. Olivera," said the efficient Mr. Selby. "He told me about it and I rang up Messrs. Deevera about them."

"Well, now, that's a real load off my mind. Now, Mr. Selby, can you tell me—"

Mrs. Olivera clacked on. She was, thought Poitrot, rather like a hen. A big, fat hen! Eventually Mrs. Olivera, still clacking, moved majestically towards the door.

"...And if you're quite sure that there will only be ourselves this week-end—"

Mr. Selby coughed.

"Er—M. Poitrot is also coming down for the week-end."

Mrs. Olivera stopped. She turned round and surveyed Poitrot with visible distaste.

"Is that really so?"

"Mr. Blunt has been kind enough to invite me," said Poitrot.

"Well, I wonder—why, if that isn't queer of Alistair. You'll excuse me, M. Poitrot, but Mr. Blunt particularly told me that he wanted a quiet family week-end!"

"Mr. Blunt is particularly anxious that M. Poitrot should come," Selby said firmly.

"Oh, really? He didn't mention it to me."

The door opened. Jane stood there.

"Mother, aren't you coming?" she said impatiently. "We'll be late for our lunch appointment!"

"I'm coming, Jane. Don't be impatient."

"Well, get a move on, for goodness' sake—Hallo, M. Poitrot."

She was suddenly very stiff—her petulance frozen, her eyes more wary.

"M. Poitrot is coming down to Exsham for the week-end," Mrs. Olivera said coldly.

"Oh—I see."

Jane Olivera stood back to let her mother pass her. On the point of following her, she whirled back again.

"M. Poitrot!" Her voice was imperious.

Poitrot crossed the room to her. She said in a low voice: "You're coming down to Exsham? Why?"

Poitrot shrugged his shoulders.

"It is a kind thought of your uncle's."

"But he can't know," Jane said. "He can't... When did he ask you? Oh, there's no need—"

"Jane!"

Her mother was calling from the hall.

"Stay away. Please don't come," Jane said in a low, urgent tone.

She went out. Poitrot heard the sounds of altercation. Heard Mrs. Olivera's high, complaining, clucking voice. "I really will not tolerate your rudeness, Jane... I shall take steps to see that you do not interfere—"

"Then at a little before six tomorrow, M. Poitrot?" the secretary said.

Poitrot nodded assent mechanically. He was standing like a man who has seen a ghost. But it was his ears, not his eyes, that had given him the shock.

Two of the sentences that had drifted in through the open door were almost identical with those he had heard last night through the telephone, and he knew why the voice had been faintly familiar.

Please turn to page 25

GIBBS-KIDS KORNER

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Anna is a beautiful ballet dancer. She has charmed thousands in many famous theatres. Would you like to be like Anna when you grow up?

Anna was born to dance.

Anna danced the lead in "Swan Lake".

She was fitted in London like a queen.

She is married to her partner, Nicky.

How the crowd loves Anna's bright smile! Why are your teeth so white, Anna?

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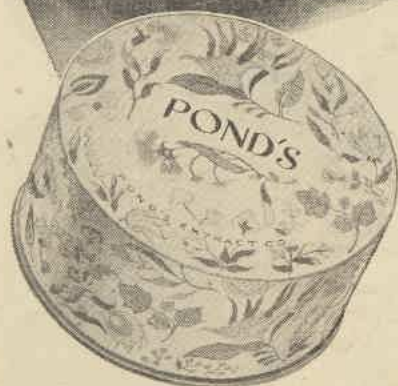
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Pond's Beauty!



For you—the beauty
care of the world's
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Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream in large or small jars for your dressing table or convenient handbag size tubes. Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder: small size 1/8; large size (almost double quantity) 2/10 at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.



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As he walked out into the sunshine Hercule Poirot shook his head blankly.

Mrs. Olivera?

But it was impossible! It could not have been Mrs. Olivera who had spoken over the phone!

That empty-headed society woman—selfish, brainless, grasping, self-centred? What had he called her to himself just now?

That good fat hen? It is ridiculous! said Hercule Poirot.

His ears, he decided, must have deceived him. And yet—

He was still undecided on the question next day when, punctually at a little before six, the car called for him.

Allstair Blunt and his secretary were the only occupants. Mrs. Olivera and Jane had gone down to another car earlier, it seemed.

The drive was uneventful. Blunt talked a little, mostly of his garden and of a recent horticultural show. Poirot congratulated him on his escape from death, at which Blunt murmured.

"Oh, that! Don't think the fellow was shooting at me particularly," he said. "Anyway, the poor chap hadn't the first idea of how to aim! Just one of those half-crazed students. There's no harm in them really. They just get worked up and fancy that a pot shot at the P.M. will alter the course of history. It's pathetic really."

"There have been other attempts in your life, have there not?"

"Sounds quite melodramatic," said Blunt, with a slight twinkle. "Someone sent me a bomb by post not long ago. It wasn't a very efficient bomb. You know, these fellows who want to take on the management of the world—what sort of an efficient business do they think they could make of it when they can't even devise an efficient bomb?"

He shook his head.

"It's always the same thing—keep-haired woolly idealists—without one practical bit of knowledge in their heads. I'm not a clever chap—never have been—but I can just read and write and do arithmetic. Do you understand what I mean by that?"

"I think so, but explain to me further."

"Well, if I read something that is

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 23

written down in English I can understand what it means—I am not talking of abstruse stuff, formulae or philosophy—just plain business-like English. Most people can't! If I want to write down something I can write down what I mean—I've discovered that quite a lot of people can't go that either!"

He looked quite surprised at his own thought.

"As I say, I can do plain arithmetic. If Jones had eight bananas and Brown takes ten away from him, how many will Jones have left? That's the kind of sum people like to pretend has a simple answer. They won't admit, first, that Brown can't do it—and second that there won't be an answer in *plus bananas*!"

"They prefer the answer to be a conjuring trick!"

"Exactly. Politicians are just as bad. But I've always held out for plain commonsense. You can't beat it, you know, in the end."

He added with a slightly self-conscious laugh: "But I mustn't talk shop. Bad habit. Besides, I like to leave business matters behind when I get away from London. I've been looking forward, M. Poirot, to hearing a few of your adventures. I read a lot of thrillers and detective stories, you know. Do you think any of them are true to life?"

The conversation dwelt for the rest of the journey on the more spectacular cases of Hercule Poirot. Allstair Blunt displayed himself as avid as any schoolboy for details.

This pleasant atmosphere sustained a chill on arrival at Exsham, where Mrs. Olivera radiated disapproval. She invited Poirot as far as possible, addressing herself exclusively to her host and to Mr. Selby.

The latter showed Poirot to his room. The house was a charming one, not very big, and furnished with the same quiet, good taste that Poirot had noticed in London.

Everything was costly but simple. The vast wealth that owned it was only indicated by the smoothness with which this apparent simplicity was produced. The service was admirable—the cooking and wines at dinner, excellent.

Poirot was so enjoying these creature comforts that the continued frigid demeanor of Mrs. Olivera and the brusque rudeness of her daughter hardly attracted his attention. Jane, for some reason, was regarding him with definite hostility. Hazily, towards the end of dinner, Poirot wondered why!

Looking down the table with mild curiosity, Blunt asked: "Helen not dining with us to-night?"

Julia Olivera's lips drew themselves in with a taut line.

"Dear Helen has been over-tiring herself, I think, in the garden," she said. "I suggested it would be far better for her to go to bed and rest than bother to dress herself up and come here. She quite saw my point."

"Oh, I see," Blunt looked vague and a little puzzled. "I thought it made a bit of a change for her at week-ends."

"Helen is such a simple soul. She likes turning in early," said Mrs. Olivera firmly.

When Poirot joined the women in the drawing-room, Blunt having remained behind for a few minutes' conversation with his secretary, he heard Jane Olivera say to her mother: "Uncle Allstair didn't quite like the cool way you'd shrewd Helen Montreson, mother."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Olivera robustly. "Allstair is too good-natured. Poor relations are all very well—very kind of him to let her have the cottage rent free, but to think he has to have her up to the house every week-end for dinner is absurd! She's only a second cousin or something. I don't think Allstair ought to be imposed upon!"

She settled herself comfortably on the sofa, still not taking any

notice of Poirot.

Allstair Blunt appeared in the doorway.

"Now, M. Poirot, come into my room," he said.

Allstair Blunt's own sanctum was a low, long room at the back of the house, with windows opening upon the garden, and furnished, like the rest of the house, in costly but comfortable style.

After offering his guest a cigarette and lighting his own pipe, Allstair Blunt came to the point quite simply and directly.

"There's a good deal that I'm not satisfied about," he said. "I'm referring, of course to this Salisbury Seale woman. For reasons of their own—reasons no doubt which are perfectly justified—the authorities have called off the hunt. I don't know exactly who Albert Chapman is or what he's doing—but whatever it is, it's something pretty vital and it's the sort of business that might land him in a tight spot."

"I don't know the ins and outs of it, but the P.M. did just mention that they can't afford any publicity whatever about this case and that the sooner it fades out of the public's memory the better. That's all right. That's the official view, and they know what's necessary. So the police have got their hands tied."

He leaned forward in his chair.

"But I want to know the truth, M. Poirot. And you're the man to find it out for me. You aren't hampered by officialdom."

"What do you want me to do, M. Blunt?"

"I want you to find this woman—

Salisbury Seale."

"Alive or dead?"

Allstair Blunt's eyebrows rose.

"You think it possible that she

Poirot was silent for a minute or two, then he said, speaking slowly and with weight: "If you want my opinion—but it is only an opinion, remember—then, yes, I think she is dead . . ."

"Why do you think so?"

Hercule Poirot smiled slightly.

"It would not make sense to you if I said it was because of a pair of unworn stockings in a drawer."

Allstair Blunt stared at him curiously.

"You're an odd man, M. Poirot."

"I am very odd. That is to say, I am methodical, orderly and logical—and I do not like distorting facts to support a theory—that, I find, is unusual!"

"I've been turning the whole thing over in my mind," Allstair Blunt said. "And the whole business is deuced odd! I mean—that dentist chap shooting himself, and then this Chapman woman packed away in her own fur chest with her face smashed in. It's nasty! I can't help feeling that there's something behind it all."

Poirot nodded.

"And the more I think of it," Blunt went on, "the more I'm sure that woman never knew my wife. It was just a pretext to speak to me. But why? What good did it do her? I mean—bar a small subscription—and even that was made out to the society, not to her personally. And yet I do feel—that—that it was engineered—just meeting me on the steps of the house. It was all so pat. So suspiciously well-timed! But why? That's what I keep asking myself—why?"

"It is indeed the word—why? I too ask myself—and I cannot see it—no, I cannot see it."

To be continued

You'll Hear From Hallie Thane

Continued from page 5

CAMILLA said: "I think I've lived almost everywhere, Hallie. Everywhere I ever wanted, I always seemed to marry men who could move around. You'd have loved my house at Versailles with white columns and white roses all round it. The living-room was white, too. You always were going to have a white room, remember?"

It was true, thought Hallie. She'd wanted a white room once, but she'd forgotten about it.

"Still in love with Jim? Jim with you?" said Cam.

"I suppose so," said Hallie slowly, suddenly reflecting that hers had been a very safe married life. Perhaps it would have been better if there'd been something, someone, someone to fight for or against, to be jealous of. Everything had been so such an even plane.

Eating her chicken, she felt suddenly awkward and stiff and older than she should, or much younger, as though she hadn't lived at all.

Then Hallie heard a laugh she knew, that soft, husky laugh that reached you even in the very last toe. And there was Gale across the room, Gale who could twist a thousand people about her little finger. Hallie could see the room she and Gale had lived in when they were trying so hard for a job on the stage. It was a terrible room, but they didn't care.

It was Hallie, not Gale, who was to be the great actress then. It was Hallie who had driven Gale.

"Mumme, you never told me you went to school with Gale Leslie," Joan had said once when the famous actress had been mentioned.

"We'll go to see her next week, back stage," Mrs. Adams had answered more briskly than she felt.

Joan had sat starry-eyed, and

afterwards they'd gone back stage.

When she saw Gale close up with her make-up on and hair so light and her pale pink robe tied tight around, she didn't look real at all. But that's just make-up thought Hallie. Why, we're old friends. Our paths just went different ways.

Hallie thought of that occasion now as she saw Gale coming towards them in that eager, friendly way, as if her arms were full of presents.

"Darlings," said Gale. "Cam, Hallie, it isn't really you?" Then Gale was hugging Hallie, and she felt light and soft and lovely.

Hallie looked at the black dress with the heart-shaped neck, the pearls, and Gale's hair. It was ash-blond now, and she thought of all the ways that it had been, brown at school and done in a funny loop. She'd been fat then. Tubby Leslie, and had freckles and couldn't do her maths. "Help me, Hallie!" Gale used to say.

"I'm sorry, darlings," said Gale. "Just coffee and then I've got to run. I've a full afternoon ahead."

"Relax, Tubby," said Cam. "Don't be so purposeful. Give. We want to know all about what it's like to be famous and every little thing."

"You'll never change, ducky, will you?" said Gale.

"A call for you, Miss Leslie," the waiter said.

"Excuse me, girls," Gale rose from the table, and the room watched as she swept out.

"Heart trouble," Cam remarked. "She can't hold her men, darling. I feel terrible to-day." She fumbled in her great alligator bag and brought out a gold compact and lipstick. Cam hadn't changed much, but there were little lines round her eyes. Still, she had been up late last night.

Please turn to page 26

Happy couple (view to mat.)

Discover how to get a flat

1

Bob and Betty long to marry, Lack of dwelling makes them tarry

2

Landlords look them up and down, Dismiss them with a haughty frown

3

"Nothing here," said one old lad, "You wouldn't get it if I had!"

4

"Those nasty, grimy hands of yours Would soon muck up my walls and doors."

5

They bought some Solvol right away—Went hunting flats again next day

6

They got one with a lovely view—The man said: "Cheap to folk like you!"

SHIFTS GRIME FASTER

SOLVOL

You'll Hear From Hallie Thane

Continued from page 25

THAT summer when she came to the hospital when John was born was the last time Hallie had seen Cam. Cam, fresh from a divorce, had brought flowers and a bedjacket and a pale pink blanket. And she had the loveliest clothes.

She stayed on for two weeks to see Hallie. Hallie used to lie there watching Cam. Then Jim would come in and Hallie would say, "Have dinner with Jim. He must be lonesome." But Jim would never say anything to Cam.

Sometimes she'd think perhaps he doesn't approve of her, and finally she had said, "Jim, be nice to Cam."

"She doesn't need anyone to be nice to her," said Jim. But that night they went to dinner, and after that they seemed to get along better. Then suddenly Cam had married Vin.

"You haven't told me a thing about Jim. What's going on? Are you holding out on me?" said Cam.

"Jim's just the same. He's got the same job. Listen, Cam, you're the one that things have happened to. I haven't seen you since you left Ross that summer I had Joan."

"Ross was all right," said Cam. "I never loved him, though. You must know that. Ross was crazy about you that summer. You could have had him by quirkling your little finger, but there was Jim."

"Goodness," said Hallie. "That's news."

"I should have married Derek." "Why didn't you?" said Hallie. "I never knew that."

"Sweetie," said Cam, sharply. "Wake up. What do you think the family sent me to an expensive private school for? Little Cam Oakes from the country to meet people like you. Family, social background. To meet Hallie Thane. I did. I wanted to be like you. That's why I married Ross."

"You wanted to be like me?" said Hallie weakly.

"Then Vin came along." Cam was talking very fast now. "You don't understand, do you? Didn't you ever want anyone else? Didn't you ever want to get away from Jim?"

Perhaps I've missed a lot, thought Hallie.

"Hallie, you get tired playing round, though. I felt rotten, and Ross was so decent. I was always meeting Vin. It was such a bore, lying. I couldn't help it. Hallie, I was crazy about Vin. We got married and had a fine time for a while and went everywhere. Vin drank a lot, and I had to keep up with him. Then I ran into Don Burns."

"The writer," said Hallie. "What was he like, Cam? It must have been awfully romantic."

There'd been nothing especially romantic about it, not even when he married her.

And then she thought of the night Peter left for camp, and Jim found her crying in the shed. He led her in and gave her a drink and said, "Come on, eat your dinner. What happens to you, happens to me, and vice versa, kid." Yes, that was something.

Cam shrugged her shoulders. "He was all right, but I got tired of that. I'm in his next book. Just wait till it comes out. I don't remember quite what happened, anyway. But then I met Tim Atherton and married him. Oh, everything's all right between Tim and myself. Only he's away a lot. I'm rather at a loose end." Cam sounded tired.

Hallie studied Cam's profile. She could see how she had looked when she was very young and how she would look when she was old. Her face looked sharper, tighter, more searching, as if she knew what was ahead.

Cam was studying Hallie now. "I don't know whether you've grown up or not, Hallie, or whether you've been wrapped in tissue paper. You seem to have it all in the palm of your hand."

"Me?" said Hallie.

"Do you happen to know a man named Jim? Remember Jim?"

"Jim," said Hallie. "Jim who?"

"Jim Adams, sweetie pie, your husband, Jim."

"But Jim," Hallie laughed. "Why, Cammie—"

"But Jim! I don't know why I'm telling you, but that summer you were sick, remember, Hallie? I had two weeks to get him. Exactly two weeks. I'd rather have had Jim Adams than anything else in the world, Hallie. I'd have taken him, too, even though I love you. That's the way I am, Hallie."

Hallie's mind leapt in dives and tail-spins. Cam and Jim. Be nice to Cam, please, Jim? Cam wanting Jim. Jim wanting Cam—for even one single second, Jim, who went to sleep in his chair every night.

Cam was saying now, "I shouldn't have told you. It's all dead and buried. Forget it, Hallie. You always get the best of everything. I couldn't budge that donkey, Jim," she went on quickly. "I've got to fly, darling. To-night I'm going out with Dick Rogers. He's a lamb, but just a baby, though. Where is Gale?"

"Oh, here she is now." "Sorry," said Gale. "It couldn't be helped. I've got to leave to-morrow. Another show." Gale was looking at Hallie now. "Those wings. New beau?"

"They're Peter's," said Hallie. "Peter? Oh, your Peter. He's not old enough, Hallie?" said Cam. "Not really! I'd love to see him, Hallie."

"He's twenty," said Hallie. "He's awfully good-looking. Six-foot-three, just like his father."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1080, G.P.O., Sydney.

Imagine! THIS SPANKING WHITE SUIT COST 9/11 EIGHT YEARS AGO

WASHED DOZENS OF TIMES WITH VELVET IT STILL LOOKS LIKE NEW

READ THIS AMAZING STORY FROM MRS. ADA GALL, 6 WOOLTON AVENUE, CROXTON, N.17, MELBOURNE.

(Original letter in our office.)



"ALL MY CLOTHES LAST WELL," writes Mrs. Gall. That's because I wash them with Velvet Soap. Take this imitation linen suit—bought eight years back in a basement sale for 9/11! Badly washed, it wouldn't have lasted long, but thanks to Velvet I couldn't wear it out. I got a bit stouter, so have passed it on to one of my daughters—it's like new."



"AND HERE'S MY FAVOURITE TABLE CLOTH," continues Mrs. Gall proudly. "That lace on it is 115 years old and I made it up into a cloth 15 years ago. The lace was discoloured with age, but after a few Velvet washes it was pure white. It's a real credit to Velvet!"

says Aunt Jenny



"THIS IS MY LITTLE SCOTCH DAUGHTER - IN - LAW," writes Mrs. Gall. "I just love her! My son married her in Glasgow during the war and I never missed putting Velvet Soap in the parcels I sent her. Now she lives with us, and she asked me to tell you, Aunt Jenny, that, like me, she will always use Velvet for everything."

4. BE WISE - TAKE A TIP FROM MRS. GALL! DON'T RUB AND SCRUB YOUR LINENS THIN! THAT MAY BE THE ONLY WAY WHEN YOU USE SOAPS THAT GIVE LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SUDS BUT...

5. WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN GROUND-IN GRIME COMES AWAY EASILY... SAFELY. ITS EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS.

Velvet Soap
TUNE IN EVERY MORNING MON. TO THURS. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

What your husband really thinks of you

Famous American consultant on marriage conducts survey

By Dr. CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

WIVES who have been married many years—not to speak of puzzled young matrons—often confess to me that they don't really know what their husbands actually think of their marriage.

These wives are not questioning the love of their men, for most of them know that they stand pretty well in their affections.

However, even the most perceptive woman often wonders how close she comes to her husband's ideal as a wife. Is he happy? Or just resigned? And how would he change her if he could?

That is an intriguing question. I have been seeking an answer to it for a good many months, chiefly from four hundred husbands who were willing to submit to a most searching and intimate interrogation.

Every man, of course, had different ideas about the changes he would make in his own particular partner.

But the answers as a whole apply to every wife. And they were certainly revealing.

The husbands' grievances are most emphatically these six: Your control (or lack of control) of your emotions; your treatment of your husband; your shortcomings in running the household; your annoying personal traits; and finally your attitude toward the children.

I'd like to discuss each one in detail. As I do, you may find it helpful to check the husbands' complaints against your own behaviour. Would your own husband have grounds for desiring a change, too?

Your Control of Your Emotions: An astonishingly high proportion of the four hundred husbands—two in three—felt their wives were not tooled, irritable, easily hurt, nervous or otherwise emotional. In fact, they complained of this more than anything else.

And a third of these husbands further stated that their wives' quick temper was seriously interfering with their married happiness.

Your Attitude Toward Your Husband: Here the grievances centred on the wife's efforts to improve her husband, her nagging, scolding, and arguing, her proneness to jealousy,

and her lack of interest in his work.

But the most frequent complaint concerned the wife's efforts to improve her husband in some way.

If there must be some improving, wise wives should tackle this gently and subtly, not make their men uncomfortably aware of it.

Your Habits as Manager of the Home: Of the four hundred husbands about one-third were not too happy about the way their wives managed the family income.

Some dissatisfaction is probably inevitable. A typical wife spends eighty-five per cent. of all the money her husband earns and her family is living pretty close to its income nowadays.

Extravagant wives

But one in every six of the husbands specifically said he wished his wife wasn't so extravagant.

The best way to convince a husband that you are not extravagant is to start these three practices:

1. Build up a cushion of savings of some sort so that your little extravagances won't loom so large.
2. Put your family on a budget. This will tend to curb your and his unessential spending.
3. Have a financial conference with your husband at least once a month.

These conferences will give you a chance to teach him the facts of living costs to-day, and will convince him you are doing your level best under trying circumstances.

Only a few husbands thought their wives were untidy housekeepers. Quite the contrary.

A much larger number complained that their wives were too fussy about housekeeping.

Almost one hundred of the four hundred husbands complained of this, and most felt the fussiness had hurt their marriage.

With so high a proportion of husbands seething on this score, it might be wise for every wife to pause and consider how liveable her own home is.

For reasons of social prestige, wives are anxious to show their community that they keep a spotless home.

But their husbands are more interested in having a restful, comfortable haven in which they can relax after a day's work.

Finally, you might be interested in knowing that twenty of the four hundred husbands stated that they wished their wives weren't so unconsciously concerned with domestic affairs.

They seemed to feel that their wives were getting into a household rut and could talk of little but food, clothes, and babies.

Your Annoying Personal Habits and Traits: All the husbands had an abundance of suggestions to make about their wives' personal habits. But five faults were complained of oftener.

One in nine wished his wife wouldn't talk much. The garrulousness of wives, of course, is a favorite joke with males.

It arises very naturally from the fact that a wife spends so much of her time alone, or at least away from fellow adults.



HUSBAND HELPS WIFE. Although you're proud of your house, don't harp on it until your husband is sick of it and you.

Husbands really object to talkativeness in their wives only when it distracts them from something they wish to do more than listen, or when the talk is an uninteresting monologue.

Your Attitude Toward the Children: A good many of the husbands questioned as yet are not fathers. But of those who are, about twelve per cent. complained that their wives interfere when they try to discipline the children.

The husbands complain of interference, but actually, of course, it is they who are usually interfering.

Every so often the husband decides the children are getting too fresh,

so he moves in with his woodshed philosophy to set matters straight.

Wives should try to accept this meddling philosophically.

Of all the many charges I have mentioned that the husbands bring against their wives, how many apply to you?

You might find it profitable to file this article away and bring it out every few months for a check-up.

Your behaviour may take on new meaning if you learn to look back over it objectively, in retrospect.

I am certain you will be able to get a sounder conception of the weaknesses—and strengths—of your own marriage.

The Bailliere Ring

Continued from page 7

nearly lost my nerve. I thought an insurance company might have to pay out. But it wasn't insured. Horatio had only just bought it, and he was still haggling with the insurance company over the premium.

"Of course I was accused, but I told them to search everything I had, and Horatio had to admit that he'd seen me put the ring in the safe before he locked it. They both had keys, and they'd been separately to the safe once or twice before the ring was missed.

"It was lovely. Horatio accused me of selling the ring to get money for a dreadful young man who tinted photographs. She hit back by saying that he'd given the ring to me. That gave me an excuse to leave, and I took it, and Moody with the ring under their very noses.

"I needn't have worried about another job. I got one in quite a nice boarding-house near Cheltenham. Did you ever hear that the Bailliere ring was supposed to bring luck to its rightful owner? It seemed to bring me luck from the first.

"Of course I couldn't go on for ever without letting someone see it on my hand. What woman would have? But I wasn't silly.

"After a year or two I was going to France for my holiday, to a little village with a few fishing boats and a tiny casino.

"I felt I'd be safe in my holiday village, without a chance of anyone recognising the ring. I went it to play boule for francs at the little casino, just as that woman had worn it playing baccarat for hundreds of pounds. And it brought me luck. I met Tom that night, my husband.

"He looked so young. Rather knobby good looks—very brown, his hair sunbleached. He kept on looking at me, and I felt that it was me, not the ring. Then he came round the table and said, 'Please put this ten francs on for me. You're winning and my luck's out!'

"I staked him about a dozen times and won him two hundred francs. That was over eight pounds then. I felt like a princess in a romantic novel!

"Ours wasn't one of those holiday romances that are all lapping waves and moonlight. It was steadier and kinder than that from the start. He wrote me before I'd been back at work a week.

"I was only afraid of one thing—if we were going to see each other again. If he'd noticed the ring and ever mentioned it, I wouldn't be able to lie to him. I'd told him as honestly as any girl in love could almost everything about myself.

"After we'd got engaged and he was giving me my ring, he frightened the life out of me by saying, 'I'm afraid it can't compete with that marvellous ring you were wearing the night I met you. Why don't you ever wear it now? Or had you borrowed it from a rich aunt for your holiday?'

"Actually his was an exquisite little ring. I was sure it had cost more than he could afford. I remember how he laughed explaining that a friend in Holland in the business had helped him to get it cheap. There was no pretence about Tom. So I thought there'd better be none about me, and I confessed.

"He was sweet about it, though I'm afraid he didn't approve. He didn't like me to wear it. So I never put it on again till after he was killed."

"Killed? I'm so sorry."

"On the Somme, in nineteen-sixteen." She glanced proudly at the Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross in a little case on the mantelpiece. "But we'd been happy and we'd had fun. We were terribly poor at first, but just when we needed money most Tom's luck was in."

"I was in a nursing home with my baby for nearly six weeks, and while I was there Tom began to make money on the Stock Exchange. It was the time of the rubber boom. Dear Tom, how he did spoil me as soon as he could afford to. Of course, there wasn't a fortune left when he was killed, but there was

enough to start me in this hotel. And here I am.

"I haven't really a guilty conscience. It's not as if I'd stolen to make anything out of it. I believe I was only stealing the right to have a spirit of my own—that's what Tom used to say."

"My dear lady—Mr. Darlington was thinking very hard."

"Would you like to see it?"

"I was hoping."

She took a crochet-hook out of her brocade workbag and stood Moody on his head. Slowly the cotton-wool came out. Mr. Darlington remembered that he was being made accessory to several thousand pounds worth of larceny, and looked the door. The ring was sparkling on her hand when he faced her again.

"May I?" He took his glass from his waistcoat pocket.

"Of course."

He examined the ring with an expression almost of reverence on his face. He could not possibly approve of the crime, but his love of brilliant craftsmanship had found amused delight in the masterpiece of a superb gambler.

The centre stone and the six clustered about it, the perfectly matched beauties attendant on a queen of gems, were about the best imitation diamonds he had ever seen.

The original stones, even at the sacrifice of some precautionary re-cutting arranged by Tom Thornton's friend in the business in Holland, must have fetched a handsome price just in time for the rubber boom, while Mrs. Thornton was safely in that nursing home.

Yes, Mr. Darlington's thoughts ran on, to marry a girl for the sake of seven diamonds; to wait for a chance to substitute the imitations; not to pretend too earnest a love and yet to make her happy; to help her to get the most and best out of life; and to have the final luck to die a hero before the bluff could be called.

"Quite, quite perfect," Mr. Darlington said.

(Copyright)

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Those natives in the travelogue seemed to get better results than this."

Film contract for London stage star

By cable from BILL STRUTTON of our London office

A five-year film contract and sensational success on the London stage are the reward for brilliant English character actress Freda Jackson after struggles of exceptional hardship.

For nine years now she has been climbing steadily to a high pinnacle of fame in London; but the part that has put her in the front rank is Aggie Voray in "No Room at the Inn."

THIS play will probably become her first film under her new contract, and filmgoers all over the world will have a chance to see what has already thrilled London playgoers.

It will not be her first film part, however, for she did fine work as Mistress Quickly in "Henry V," and will be seen as Mrs. Joe Gargery in "Great Expectations."

Though her film contract is for five years, Freda insisted on a clause limiting her film engagement to three pictures, because the stage is her first love.

"Filming, to me, means arriving at the studio at eight in the morning, getting made up and then hanging about all day while technicians fiddle about before making perhaps one shot at about four in the afternoon," she said.

"There is no continuity in it, so I cannot give it my best."

"I would never go to Hollywood, because it would take me too far from the theatre."

"The only time that I have enjoyed acting before the camera was in 'Henry V' as Mistress Quickly, because I know Shakespeare and every line has feeling to me."

In every part she plays, Freda shows a depth of understanding and an instinct for right interpretation that come from her own intense, bitter experience of poverty and frustration.

She was a teacher of English at Haywood School, Sherwood, after graduating from Nottingham University. But she knew the stage was her real vocation.

She resigned from the Board of Education and drew her £20 superannuation. On that £20 she lived at the rate of £1 a week while she was an unpaid student in Robert Young's repertory company at Northampton.

Her health ever since has been affected by the malnutrition she suffered during those difficult times.

At Northampton, one of her colleagues, also struggling for fame, was film actor Errol Flynn.

She stayed with the company for more than two years, on a slowly

increasing salary until it reached £5 a week.

As soon as she had £50 saved up she left to try her luck in London. London managers let her starve for ten months, but she was kept alive by food parcels sent by her mother.

"I believed that I had talent, but my photograph, mixed up in an agent's office with all the beauties who aspire to the stage, meant nothing to anybody."

"I even had to resist the temptation to dye my hair blonde, because one agent told me that a certain film studio would test any blonde he had on his books."

"But I found the golden rule for an actress who believes in herself is 'get seen.'"

"That is how I eventually crashed the West End stage. I managed to persuade the manager of the small Q Theatre to put on Somerset Maugham's play, 'The Scarlet Flame,' and I wangled not the leading role, but the part of the nurse, in which I had already stolen the show in the provinces."

"Then I invited many producers along, whom critics had told I had talent, but who, like all producers, had to see for themselves."

This gave Freda her chance with the classic Old Vic Company, and with it more scene-stealing.

Among many other Shakespearean plays she won critical honors in "Othello," not in the leading role, but in a more modest part, as Emilia.

Though Freda, who is dark, hollow-cheeked, and frail looking, has been solidly established in character parts for some years now, it is her latest role as the drunken harridan



FREDA JACKSON as Mrs. Joe Gargery in "Great Expectations" prepare to cane Pip (Anthony Wager), because he is late for supper. Freda has just signed a five-year film contract.

in "No Room at the Inn" which provided a sensation.

In the evenings, Freda walks out into the street, dressed in navy slacks and the turban scarf favored by many a suburban housewife, hails a taxi and drives off to her nightly job of entralling the huge, packed-out Wintergarden Theatre in the West End with her portrayal of the vicious Mrs. Voray, who is murdered by the evacuee children she ill-treats.

The play so far has run seven months, looks like never stopping.

The drama of "No Room at the Inn," which playwright Joan Temple says she wrote in "white-hot anger," highlights the great social problem in England, which still exists after the war, where thousands of evacuee children are still billeted with strangers in the country and are not claimed by parents because of lack of accommodation or poverty.

There are many cases now coming to light where children have been corrupted by bad environment, neglected, badly fed, and even actively ill-treated.

"No Room at the Inn" exposes all these aspects, to which five evacuee children are subjected when they are thrown on the mercies of a coarse, drink-sodden woman, because the authorities were unable to find them shelter elsewhere.

The finest compliment to Freda's interpretation of this part is that many people now cannot conceive her as being, in private life, anything

but the drunken harridan they see on stage.

But Freda lives happily with her husband, Richard Bird, who was her sweetheart in her student days and is now a theatrical art director. Their son Julian is five.

At home she is the model of other virtues and tolerance, for the nine-year-old Julian makes in the sun as she talks to visitors and answers her mail, and with the constant buzzing telephone, is nerve-racking.

Her hobbies, she told me, are playing the piano and, above all, making pastry.

"The art of making pastry is the art of acting," she said.

"If you are not born with this gift, no amount of training will make you a great actress or a great pastry cook."

She reads in bed after the theatre and says a really well-written detective story pleases her.

In true theatrical tradition, she has all the superstitions you can think of.

"I love opals, but because I was not born in October I would never wear them, not even Australia's perfect black opal."

"So firmly am I convinced of the evil powers that I believe that some day will come find a reason for it all."

"You never know these days it might be rays or something."

She says: "I have never given thought to retiring from the stage later."

"I think I will go on acting as long as I can stand on my feet."

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when you find out what tests have proved



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Film Reviews

★★ THE MADONNA'S SECRET

REPUBLIC come to light with an unusually good thriller in which suspense and surprise have been neatly combined.

None of the cast are high box-office names, but everyone does a fine job, especially Francis Lederer, Ann Rutherford, and Gail Patrick.

Lederer is the American portrait painter who appears to be a psychological killer, an assumption which the painter himself almost believes. The role is extremely well handled by Lederer.

Ann Rutherford is one of his models, and Gail Patrick a buyer of his pictures.

Australian actor Edward Ashley appears as a New York art critic, and Leona Roberts is the possessive mother of the artist - Capitol; showing.

★★ O.S.S.

AS spy thrillers go, this Paramount release is well up to standard. It is based on the work done by the American Office of Strategic Services during the war, and has all the usual drama and hair-breadth escapes of secret service stories.

Good acting makes up for the triteness of the plot. Alad Ladd, as one of a group of OSS operatives working in German-occupied France, wins full marks for clever restraint, never giving away to heroics. Geraldine Fitzgerald is convincing as his quiet, self-reliant team-mate.

Patric Knowles does a fine job as naval commander in charge - Lyreum; showing.

News from studios

By cable from Viola MacDonnell

POWING round the Fox he bumped into Gene Markey, who told me that he and Myrna Loy were going to India when their picture commitments allow it, as the Maharajah of Jaipur has invited them to a tiger hunt. Markey met the Maharajah when he was stationed in India during the war.

ANN RICHARDS will make her second film at Eagle Lion shortly in a supporting role with Sylvia Sydney and John Hodiak in "Love From a Stranger."

It concerns a girl who wins a sweepstakes and becomes involved with a menacing lover, who has murdered five other women. Sylvia and Ann were previously teamed in Paramount's "The Smoking Wind."

Ann plays the girl's pal.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

By TIM





● Uncle Remus (Walter Baskett), wise old negro, comforts lonely young Johnny (Bobby Driscoll) and tells him story about Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and their adventures.

★ In a feature length technicolor film "Song of the South," Walt Disney has brought to life the well-loved "Uncle Remus" stories by Joel Chandler Harris.

By a combination of live actors and cartoons he tells how the wise old negro Uncle Remus teaches a small boy to deal with life's problems by comparing them to troubles of the animals of the "Briar Patch" who have curiously human qualities.

Four new stars are introduced, James Baskett as Uncle Remus, Bobby Driscoll, 9, Luana Patten, 7, and Gleen Leedy, a young negro lad.

Old favorites Hattie McDaniel and Lucile Watson have character parts, and Ruth Warwick and Eric Rolf appear as Bobby's parents. The film will be released by RKO.



● Like Bobby, Brer Rabbit thinks he can escape from his worries by running away. He nails up his home in the Briar Patch with the intention of leaving the Patch forever.

Disney's Song of the South



● Brer Bear and Brer Fox, who are enemies of Brer Rabbit, decide to make a Tar Baby as a trap to catch Brer Rabbit, as they want to kill him.



● The Tar Baby is set up on a log and Brer Rabbit catches hold of him and is held by the melting tar till his enemies arrive.



● During argument between Brer Fox and Brer Bear as to method of killing Brer Rabbit, he manages to escape home to the Briar Patch, where he realises he will always be safe.



● Quaint little animals and birds who live in the Briar Patch all form part of the stories told by Uncle Remus.



● Happy ending for children, as, with Uncle Remus and the animals, they walk to the top of the hill singing gaily together.

● Two friends, Bobby and Sally (Luana Patten), are shown with combined cartoons of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, as Uncle Remus explains that humans can learn much from animal creatures.

Her friends were amazed

AT THE DIFFERENCE IN HER APPEARANCE!

10 DAYS AGO

TO-DAY



Make your complexion glowingly lovely, as this girl did, with to-day's **Erasmic Creams**

It's sensational! Smoother, clearer, lovelier skin in just 10 days! Amazing discoveries by cosmeticians in recent years make this possible without expensive massage or face packs. Now any woman can have radiant skin with this simple 10-day beauty routine. Here's all you do:—

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2. When you go to bed, smooth

luscious **ERASMIC COLD CREAM** into your skin. It's now a specially deep cleansing cream—it clears your skin of all clogging secretions... softens any little lines.

3. Remove cream-softened dirt and old make-up with a soft cloth, always wiping upwards. Wash with warm water and soap. Pat the skin dry.

4. Into your now-immaculate skin, massage a little more Erasmic Cold Cream and leave on all night. It will give your skin a flower-fresh look and a satiny feel.

Both creams are sold in handy tubes and jars—price, 1/2 each. Get yours to-day and see the difference in your skin in only 10 days!

E-41.26

Here's a **REAL** help

FOR

ACID STOMACH



If you suffer after eating—heartburn, pain, discomfort, or any sign of acid stomach (hyperacidity)—the only kind of help you want is **RELIEF**. Prompt relief from pain and distress, such as De Witt's Antacid Powder provides, is indeed **REAL** help. And you get it so quickly because, amongst other fine ingredients, De Witt's Antacid Powder contains one of the fastest acid neutralisers available. That's why even a single dose often gives complete relief.

But real help means more than just neutralising acid and relieving pain. It means soothing and protecting the inflamed lining of the stomach, so that the next meal will not be an added burden to an over-taxed digestive system. Thus, food

is properly digested, the strain is relieved, and the pain is taken out of eating. Then Mother Nature, the greatest of all healers, has a chance to do her own good work. That's half the secret of De Witt's Antacid Powder's success.

So, if your meals are followed by pain, if you are distressed by heartburn or a sour uncomfortable feeling after eating, turn to De Witt's Antacid Powder and obtain **REAL** relief. Try this wonderfully effective remedy without delay and eat and enjoy your meals without having to "pay for it" afterwards. Get a tin to-day and see how much better you feel—after the first dose.

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For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/6 and 4/6.

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain



1 **OFFERED** secretarial job by Brent (Howard Freeman) chorus girl Peggy Harper (Betty Hutton) refuses on advice of fellow actress. Later, deciding to accept, Peggy visits Brent.



2 **AFTER** a scene Peggy runs away but returns with her mother, Eve (Ruth Donnelly). Brent has been killed. Detective Flynn (A. Bridge) suspects Peggy

CROSS MY HEART

IN this Paramount film 27-year-old director John Berry and Michael Chekhov, nephew of the great Russian writer, Anton Chekhov, find themselves reversing the positions they were in several years ago. Then John Berry was a struggling young actor and he was given an important role in Chekhov's Broadway production of Gorky's "Lower Depths." Now he is the director and Chekhov the actor. This is Chekhov's fourth film.



3 **RISKING** conviction Peggy "confesses" to murder so that lawyer Oliver Clarke (Sonny Tufts) can defend her.



4 **IN LOVE** with Clarke, Peggy thinks case will make his name. In court she re-enacts scene with Brent.



5 **SELF-DEFENCE** is Peggy's plea. She is acquitted but Peter (M. Chekhov) has proved to Oliver that Peggy was lying in court. Oliver hates lying, walks out on Peggy, who then sets herself the difficult task of unmasking real murderer.



6 **FINDING** of real murderer leads to reunion of Peggy and Oliver, who makes her promise she won't lie any more.

KEEP ON ASKING FOR

British Chief

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2/6 Everywhere
in unbreakable plastic tubes. E.S.4

FORD PILLS



THE QUEEN'S STATEROOM in the train which will take the Royal Family through South Africa. It is panelled in quilted maple, the furniture is in walnut, and curtains, upholstery, and bedcover are of blue-and-silver satin brocade in a conventional leaf pattern.



THE KING'S STUDY, with an unusual curved desk, chairs upholstered in two-tone tapestry of beige and fawn. All the coaches are carpeted in honey-beige.

Royal train for South Africa

FOURTEEN coaches for the train in which the Royal Family will travel in South Africa have been built and fitted in England.

The cream-and-gold coaches, designed to provide a maximum of comfort, reflect quiet dignity and taste in their furnishings.

Interior panelling and furniture are of specially selected Empire timbers, with English walnut and chestnut, West African mahogany, Nigerian pear, and Canadian maples predominating.

Five saloons accommodate the Royal Family and their household. There are two for the South African Prime Minister, and the remainder comprise lounge, diners, kitchen, baggage, and sleeping-cars for the staff and Government officials.

All have fluorescent lighting, are air-conditioned,

and equipped throughout with telephones connecting with the train's own radio-telephone exchange, and loud-speakers relaying programmes from a central receiving station.

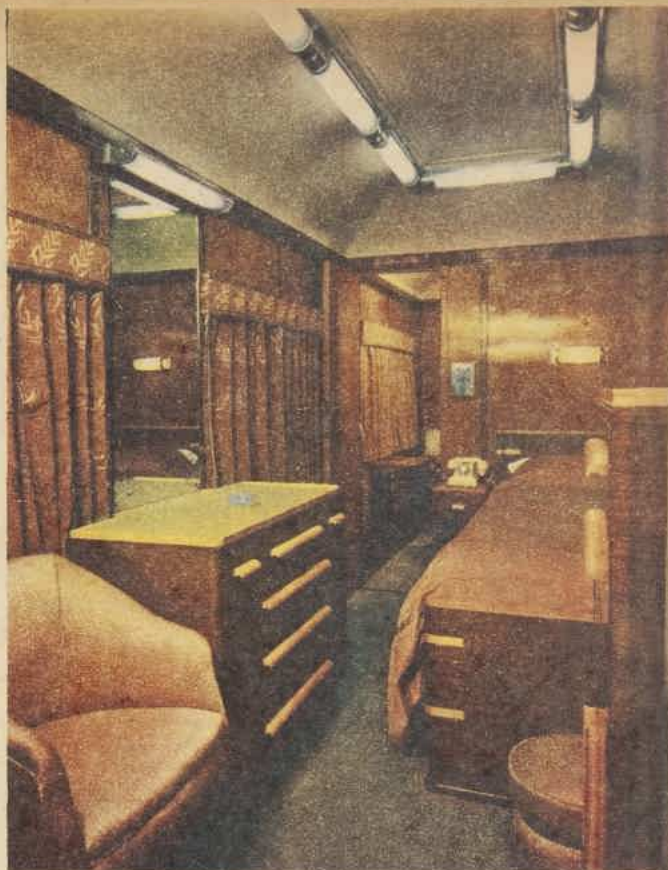
The wide windows, which are permanently sealed against dust, draughts, and noises, have double curtains of art silk and net, and cream blinds.

The King's car includes a stateroom with walls of veneered English chestnut and walnut furniture.

The Royal Family lounge in the neighboring Queen's car has the same motif, but Her Majesty's stateroom is panelled with quilted maple, and furnished in walnut.

The Princesses, who have their own staterooms in a separate car, have chosen bird's-eye maple, with mahogany mouldings and mahogany furniture.

All bathrooms have cream walls, light green porcelain toilet-fittings, and chrome-plated metalwork.



THE KING'S STATEROOM. Hangings and upholstery are beige brocade—a large wheatear pattern in the hangings and a delicate fernleaf design in the upholstery.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S STATEROOM. Curtains and bedcover are in a sage-blue heavy repp, and the chairs and dressing-table stool upholstered in blue-and-silver finely patterned brocade.



BABY: What's the fuss? Aren't you happy being me—and playing with all my nice toys?

MUMMY: Pet, it would take more than toys to make me enjoy a baby's life! Why didn't you tell me how uncomfortable a baby's skin gets, with all this wriggling around?

BABY: I tried. Simply yowled. But I guess you realize now the kind of attention I was after—Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder for my tender skin! That's the secret. I need pure Johnson's Baby Cream to chase away skin irritation.

MUMMY: Oh, I see! And why the powder?

BABY: You know how little chafes and prickles make me whimper, Mummy? Fix them with cool, soft sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder. A-a-a-a-ah!



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LACHENALIAS grown in tubs are both colorful and decorative. Easy to grow, they ask for reasonably good soil, a sunny position, and plenty of water during the flowering season.

FRAGRANT, prolific freestias, as pictured above, are very easily grown. Plant at once in beds, borders, or on grassy slopes. And don't overlook daffodils, irises, anemones, ranunculi. They'll help to make late winter and spring light-hearted and really beautiful.

**Last month to
plant bulbs for
spring glory**

ERRATIC MEALS... and anaemia

I JUST don't know what's the matter with me lately," said Joyce Herbert as I drove her home in the car. She had been struggling home with the week-end shopping basket.

"You do look rather washed out," I said, with the privileged candor of one who had known her since she was five. "As a matter of fact, I should not be surprised to find that you are anaemic."

"Anaemic, indeed," said Joyce with a fine scorn. "I'm as strong as a horse. It's just that I feel—well—a bit tired and headachy. I suppose I'm a bit run down."

"H-m-m," I mused, eyeing the basket of food. "What sort of meals do you have these days?"

"Oh, now that Joan and I are the only ones at home we don't bother very much about cooking. We usually have one good meal a day, but I never seem to feel very hungry these days. For breakfast, as a rule, I just have a cup of tea and a slice of toast."

"That's a fine substantial meal on which to go to the office for a day's work."

"But I have tea and a biscuit at eleven," explained Joyce.

"I see," I said, "and what about lunch?"

"Sometimes I go to a restaurant, but mostly I can't be bothered; besides, there are often quite a lot of things I want to do in the lunch hour. I dash out and buy a few sandwiches."

"I think you should go to a pathologist and have a blood count," I said, as we turned the corner. "All your symptoms point to anaemia, and from what you've told me about what you eat I would expect it. You'd be surprised how common it is in Australia."

"Really," said Joyce, "in a country like this where we have an abundance of fresh and nourishing food?"

"It's not much use having it available if it's not made use of," I remarked pointedly, glancing down at her. "Take your own case, for instance. Although you are by no means starved for food, your blood

is being starved of the food elements it needs for good health; you are depriving it of the vitally necessary iron. In order to provide this you should eat foods rich in iron, such as liver, parsley, oatmeal, wheatmeal bread, eggs, oranges, and salads."

"I had thought that I might try drinking a glass or two of milk each day. Do you think I should?"

"By all means," I replied. "Although milk is not rich in iron, it helps to make the iron in other foods more valuable. Every growing boy and girl and every woman should drink a pint of milk each day—it's a foundation food."

"What are the others?" asked Joyce, as I slowed down at her gate.

"Meat, cheese, eggs, fruit (especially oranges, tomatoes, pineapple and papaw), vegetables (such as lettuce, cabbage, potatoes), wheatmeal bread, and oatmeal porridge."

"H-m-m—perhaps I had better have that blood count," said Joyce reflectively, "and I suppose an orange and a plate of porridge for breakfast will be almost as quick as tea and toast!"

"Almost as quick," I said, "and ten times as nourishing."

Painful Breast Conditions

By Sister MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

UNFORTUNATELY, weaning in the early weeks of life is often due to painful breast conditions—cracked nipples or breast abscesses.

These can usually be avoided if proper pre-natal and post-natal care of the breasts is understood and carried out.

The causes of these early complications in breast-feeding and simple preventive and curative treatment are given in a leaflet obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

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THE DEPENDABLE

Stockings



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LIVER BILE—**

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vigor

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind, you get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly resist anything else. 3/- & 1/3.

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Counteracts enlarged Pores, removes Oiliness, prevents excessive Perspiration, Cooling, Refreshing

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for
'Plasticine'

The original modelling
material
made by HARBUTT'S

For Big-Night Glamor

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert



● This one is called "Contemporaines," and is a lovely style for a piquant young girl wearing an off-the-shoulder gown and a pearl-studded velvet neckband. It looks rather psyche knott-ish, but is a softer and easier-to-wear interpretation.



● Another variation of the classic upsweep: it's called the "cock's comb" for obvious reasons, and needs a near-perfect profile. Absolute simplicity of the brow, ear and neckline—there's that looped-back section again—accentuates the top-of-the-head crest.

WHEN night falls over the city and you carefully manoeuvre your curves into your latest and most glamorous evening gown preparatory to sweeping out on the arm of a so-charming escort, it becomes obvious that your daytime coiffure won't do at all. In America, we are told, daylight styles may be anything from long-bob to short-cap, but after dark, in fashionable circles at least, every woman over 25 swoops her hair up off the neck by one artful trick or another.

There are certainly a few women who look superb in classic upswept styles; but the majority feel that the true Edwardian is simply not their "cup of tea," that the lines have anything but a softening effect on the profile. Here are five striking hair styles in the high-fashion manner, designed for those who want hair up but not chiselled into hard, scraped-back silhouettes. (Designs by Rene Henri.)



● Viewed from the front, this Parisian-looking hairstyle is simple, with a side parting, wide waves and smooth sides, flowing backwards into coils and large curls. Most striking is the sidewise nape-of-neck puff, which is real and not a "spare" or "prop" piece.



● Hair that looks like a hat. High style for evening, reminiscent of the Turkish fez, with an extra ribbon-smooth twist of hair placed well forward on the brow, centre front. Back hair sweeps across from right to left, sides are shadow waved to soften the line.



● Up-do with the fluid softness of a curling wave. Semi-swathed treatment ending in a cluster of crown curls, has no hint of that hard, scraped-up look.

The Lighter Side

My friend Professor Dogscorpus, writing from darkest Boonagarrabin, states:

"That excessive use of the eyes for close work leads to measurable defects is suggested by the increased incidence of refractive errors requiring correction with lenses under these conditions and in those pursuits which are most demanding in these respects."



Our office interpreter gives the following as a literal translation of the Professor's dictum.

"Morons who overwork their eyes, particularly people who have to do close work, will soon find themselves horn-rimmed if they go on being light-pickers."

To this our interpreter adds a footnote:

"What the old geezer is getting at is that a 100-watt Mazda is the only safe minimum for close 'seeing.' Why doesn't he say so?"



There's another branch of lighting science to which our friend the Professor has given his earnest attention. He calls his report an "analysis of general and supplementary light sources in relation to work and seeing surfaces" and what he's getting at is—how much light do you need for easy seeing? Some people around at Australian General Electric gave us the answer rather more simply than the Prof. Know what a foot-candle is? It's the amount of light a candle gives at a distance of one foot—put the words together. Foot-candle. Simple?

Well, the Professor and other learned gentlemen have calculated that for reading you need 30 to 50 f.c.'s on your book. And they've also calculated that two feet away from a 60-watt lamp the f.c.'s are down to 20. And if you are reading five feet away from the lamp you'd do just about as well with a candle stuck in the top of a bottle. So next time you see little Henry sprawled on the floor reading the comics, take him gently, but firmly, by the ear and seat him in a chair close to a reading lamp fitted with a 100-watt Mazda. It's the way to save young eyes.



There is no truth in the rumour that seagulls were recently discovered nesting in the magnificent whiskers of Professor Dogscorpus. The Professor invariably combs his beard by Mazda light (100 watts for close-seeing) and assures me that "any such ornithological invasion could not go undetected."

Lennie Lumens

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary, Ltd.
Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., England.



PINEAPPLE takes the centre of the stage in this mixed fruit and vegetable salad. Scooped and filled with ham and pineapple pulp it makes an attractive centrepiece for any salad platter. Apricots stuffed with cream cheese, bananas and tomatoes wedged with cucumber add color and flavor to the dish.

PLANNING, preparing, and serving three meals a day is apt to become a monotonous business unless something new and different is tried now and again.

The change may be only a variation in the manner of serving a favorite dish. It may be the addition of a piquant little savory to be eaten before the main course, or a new and unusual filling for the lunch-box sandwiches.

Whatever it is, you'll enjoy trying something different, just as the family will enjoy eating it.

These recipes are all different, delicious, easy to prepare, and planned to add fresh interest to menus.

NEAPOLITAN ICE-CREAM BOMBE

(Illustrated above.)

Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 slab sponge or plain butter cake, 1 tray home-made ice-cream, raspberry jam, strawberries to garnish.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Add sugar gradually, beat to meringue consistency. Cut cake into two oblong pieces same size as ice-cream tray. Spread one side of each piece with jam. Remove ice-cream from tray and sandwich between cake. Place on a board, coat thickly with meringue. Make sure meringue is drawn well down on to board so that cake is enclosed in an airtight casing of meringue. Bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes until meringue is lightly browned. Garnish with strawberries. Serve immediately.

CRUSTY MEAT PUFF

(Stretches the remains of Sunday's joint.)

One and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon

Variety adds Interest

● Even the most delicious dishes become tiresome if they are served too often, and discerning cooks realise that variety stimulates appetite. These recipes add interest to any menu.

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

margarine or dripping, 1½ cups diced cold meat, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 cup grated carrot, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, tomato slices, grated cheese.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; rub in shortening. Add meat, onion, and carrot. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat yolks with milk and add to dry ingredients, mixing well. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish and bake in hot oven (425deg. F.). Serve hot, topped with tomato slices and grated cheese.

CREAMY FISH SOUFFLE

(Good with fresh or smoked fish.)

Two cups mashed potatoes, 1 level dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 cup milk, 1 level dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), 1 dessertspoon finely minced parsley, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 cups cooked flaked fish, 2 eggs.

Beat mashed potatoes well, gradually adding milk, then margarine or butter, onion, red pepper, parsley, lemon rind, salt, and cayenne. Fold in flaked fish and one of the beaten

eggs. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Separate yolk from white of remaining egg; beat white stiffly with a pinch of salt; fold in beaten yolk. Spread over fish mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until thoroughly heated and top lightly browned. Serve hot with lemon wedges.

LAMB AND SWEET CORN CASSEROLE

(Equally good using veal steak.)

Six chump chops, 1 tablespoon melted fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water (or vegetable stock), 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 onions, 1 cup cooked corn, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tomatoes, 1 cup peas, 2 medium-sized potatoes, chopped parsley.

Wipe and trim chops, coat well with flour; brown on both sides in hot fat. Add water or stock, salt and pepper, allow to boil. Lift meat out and place in casserole. Cover with sliced onion, corn, celery, peeled and sliced tomatoes. Add gravy, cover and cook gently 1½ hours in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Remove lid, add peas, peeled and sliced potatoes. Cover again and cook a further 30 to 40 minutes. Sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley before serving piping hot.

BRAIN AND WALNUT PATTIES

(Tiny ones make fine supper savories.) Two sets brains, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 onion, 1½ dessertspoons margarine or butter, 1½ dessertspoons flour, 1 scant cup milk, 1 cup chopped walnuts, squeeze of lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Soak brains 30 minutes in salted water. Remove membrane, cover with cold water, bring to the boil. Drain, cover with fresh water, adding salt and onion. Simmer gently 10 to 15 minutes; drain, cool, cut into 1½ cubes. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 1 minute. Add milk, stir until boiling. Fold in brains and walnuts, season with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Turn on to the plate to become cold. Shape spoonfuls of mixture into small patties, using a little extra flour to coat them. Dip in egg glazing, roll in breadcrumbs. Fry golden brown in deep-frying fat. Serve hot for luncheon or cold as a supper savory.

PINEAPPLE CRUMB PUDDING

(Use for stale cake crumbs.)

Three dessertspoons margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons caster sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, 4 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked crushed pineapple, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 extra tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, vanilla.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add beaten egg-yolks. Fold in breadcrumbs, pineapple, and lemon juice. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Fold two-thirds of it into pineapple mixture. Turn into greased dish, top with balance of egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar and vanilla. Stand dish in hot water, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Serve immediately.



EYELASH GROWER

MARVELLOUS new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow! Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows. No matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will increase their length and thickness in 30 days.

Thousands of Women Prove It!

—prove beyond doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling, silken lashes—makes eyebrows long, silken lines.

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In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like when young! Remember—this guarantees you satisfactory results in 30 days or your money refunded in full.

Wash up your eyes correctly, and you will be surprised with the added beauty you will gain. If unobtainable from your Chemist or Store, 2/6, 4/6, and 5/6. Post Free from Box 2238, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Cuticura SOAP

For Beauty!

"Cover spot Conceals Blemishes"



ABOVE: Frankfurts split and spread thinly with mixed mustard and piped with mashed potato flavored with minced onion make a good luncheon dish. Shredded cabbage and tomato slices complete platter.



EXTEND rhubarb by mixing with bread crumbs, flavoring well with honey and lemon, and baking with a custard. It makes a fine, tasty sweet topped with meringue and sprinkled with nuts.

DISHES FULL OF FLAVOR

● An unusual and tempting dish made from pork and sweet potato crust wins first prize in this week's popular recipe contest

TRY also these two prize recipes featuring cheese. Combined with celery and faintly flavored with onion, it makes a really fine croquette for a meatless meal.

Used with tomato and bread-crumbs, cheese makes a good filling for a pastry roll. Try it as a hot luncheon dish or sliced when cold and added to the lunch-box.

Recipes for easy and economical sweet or savory dishes are welcomed on this page.

Cash prizes are awarded for all recipes published. Have you been successful lately? If not, try again. Send us your latest triumph—it may win you the main prize of £1.

PORK PIE WITH POTATO CRUST

Filling: One and a half pounds shoulder of pork, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 onion, 1 heaped tablespoon flour, 2 cups water, salt and pepper, 2 tart apples, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Cut pork into thin pieces, dice onion finely. Brown meat and onion lightly in hot fat. Add flour, salt, and pepper, brown lightly. Add water, simmer 1 hour. Peel apples and cut into thin slices. Sprinkle with sugar. Place alternate layers of meat and apples in ovenware dish. Cover with rounds of potato crust placed close together. Glaze with little milk. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes until top is cooked and lightly browned. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

Sweet Potato Crust: One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. margarine or clean fat, 1 cup cooked mashed sweet potato, about 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening. Add sweet potato. Mix to fairly dry dough with milk. Roll to thin thickness. Cut into rounds with floured cutter.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Theodore, 149 James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

CHEESE AND TOMATO ROLL

Pastry: Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. margarine, 1 egg-yolk, about 3 tablespoons milk.

Filling: Half-pound tomatoes, 4

tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, pinch herbs.

Chop tomatoes finely. Drain off some of the liquid. Add cheese, crumbs, and seasonings. An egg-yolk may be added if the mixture is not sufficiently moist. Leave standing while making pastry. Sift flour and salt. Rub in shortening. Mix to dry dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Roll out into thin oblong shape. Spread evenly with filling. Moisten edges and roll up. Glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) from 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into thick slices and serve piping hot with vegetables in season.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Edwards, 2 Rose St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

RHUBARB CUSTARD MERINGUE

Half-cup rhubarb syrup, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 11 cups diced rhubarb, lightly cooked, 11 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, chopped nuts.

Boil rhubarb, syrup, honey, and lemon rind for a few minutes. Pour over breadcrumbs. Add diced rhubarb and place in a greased pie-dish. Beat egg-yolks and add milk (a little sugar may be added if liked). Pour mixture over rhubarb. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) till custard is set (25 to 30 minutes). Make meringue with egg-whites and sugar. Pile on to custard. Top with nuts and lightly brown in slow oven. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Johnson, 5 Claremont St., South Yarra, Vic.

CHEESE AND CELERY CROQUETTES

One and half cups thick white sauce 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup finely diced parboiled celery, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon mustard, salt and pepper to taste, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, and breadcrumbs.

Combine all ingredients and add to sauce. Spread on flat plate to cool. Shape into croquettes, using a little seasoned flour. Dip into egg-glazing, drain, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat till golden-brown. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Gregory, c/o South Carlton P.O., Melbourne.



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